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THE PAST SESSION.

IF the value and importance of a session of Parliament were to be estimated exclusively by reference to the amount and quality of the legislation to which it has given birth, little could be said for the session which has just closed. The list of measures which have obtained the Royal assent during the last six months is numerically small, and although it contains some Acts of commendable practical ability, there is not amongst them one of first-rate character, or one which embodies any great political principles. We need not dwell long on so uninviting a catalogue. The power and immensity of the agricultural interest in the House of Commons was demonstrated in the beginning of the session by the vigour with which means for the suppression of the cattle plague were pushed forward. To the regret of all parties, but with only slight opposition from any, it has been found necessary to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland; while, on the other hand, it has been found possible to pass any of those remedial measures which the condition of the country so imperatively demands. The Roman Catholics have obtained relief from an offensive form of Parliamentary oath; while Dissenters have at last been exempted from promising that they will not use their power as mayors and town councillors to overturn the Church of England. Additional powers for the protection of the public health have been conferred both upon the Privy Council and upon local bodies, by an Act which would, possibly, have been far less efficient if it had not been passed under the pressure of an impending epidemic. Two useful measures have been passed in reference to reformatories and industrial schools; and, as the compilers of the Royal Speech—who were evidently at a loss for topics—remind us, something has been done to improve the navigation of the river Thames. Beyond this, nothing of the slightest importance has been effected.

The interest of the session must be found elsewhere than in its legislation—in the movements of parties, in the long struggle on the Reform question, and in the extent to which its debates have contributed to establish and diffuse sound principles both on domestic and on foreign subjects. Elected under the auspices of the late Lord Palmerston, the Parliament was not long in showing itself largely penetrated by his spirit. Even before the introduction of the Reform Bill, symptoms of disaffection to the new leaders had been observed in the Liberal ranks. The announcement in the Royal Speech at the commencement of the session, that a measure for the amendment of the representation was in preparation, fell disagreeably upon the ears of many, who had hoped still to play fast and loose with the question, as in the days of "the veteran premier." The character of Mr. Gladstone was a guarantee that, if it was taken up by the Government, it would be dealt with in no half-hearted spirit, but that a strenuous attempt would be made to give the working classes a substantial share of political power. Accordingly, both in and out of the House, attempts were made to weaken in anticipation the authority and influence of the Minister upon whom the advocacy of the measure would devolve. Although these attempts were singularly futile, they showed clearly enough the spirit which was at work. On the 12th March the Reform Bill was introduced by Mr. Gladstone, in a speech of so temperate a character that for a moment his opponents fancied he was not in earnest. They were, however, soon

undeceived on this point; and from that time forward we heard of nothing but the "imperiousness" and the "overbearing impetuosity" with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer pushed forward the Bill on which he and his colleagues had staked their ministerial existence. Looking to what subsequently occurred, it may well be thought that the Government were mistaken in introducing a measure confined to the extension of the franchise. But it is easy to be wise after the event. The course which was actually taken had been recommended by more than one influential authority; and it is perfectly clear that it would not have failed in a House which was sincerely desirous to extend the franchise. As Mr. Mill argued, with irresistible logic, the redistribution of seats could only affect the question of the franchise in the opinion of those who thought that a £7 borough and a £14 county qualification were too low. That was undoubtedly the opinion of a majority of the House of Commons. But they shrank from saying so directly, and resorted to all sorts of "dodges" in order to evade a direct vote of want of confidence in the most numerous and not the least important class of their fellow-countrymen. It would be neither instructive nor interesting to go over the history of the various amendments which were employed for this purpose, both while the Franchise Bill stood alone, and after it had been incorporated with that for the Redistribution of Seats. The debates to which they gave rise were all substantially of the same kind; and night after night the same arguments reappeared with wearisome iteration. On the one side, those whom it was proposed to enfranchise were divided and subdivided—weighed and measured—in every possible way, for the purpose of showing that the Constitution would eventually be destroyed if about 170,000 of the most intelligent of the working classes were admitted within its pale. The old cry of country against town was raised in reference to the redistribution scheme of the Government, and the whole subject was involved by Conservative speakers in a mass of details, by which it was evidently sought to obscure the real points in issue. It must be confessed that a bad cause was supported by many speakers with an ability and an eloquence worthy of the highest admiration. Mr. Lowe enhanced the reputation which he had formerly gained by a series of addresses remarkable for vigorous argument, pointed style, felicitous allusion, and pungent sarcasm. Sir E. Lytton contributed one of the most effective of his polished and ornate orations; Sir Hugh Cairns once more proved himself not less excellent in political than in forensic argument; while Mr. Disraeli, by more than speech overflowing with information, proved satisfactorily that if he erred, it was not from want of light. The defence is not less strong than the attack. It was far simpler, for it was rested on broad principles which dispensed with mere statistical calculations, and rendered it unnecessary to weigh with careful accuracy one section of the people against the other. The fitness for political power of those whom it was proposed to enfranchise was strenuously insisted upon; and it was contended that the notion of their uniting to "swamp" every one else was perfectly delusive. As all the arguments of the Conservatives and Adullamites had at best their root in the distrust of the people, so those of the Liberals were based upon a generous confidence which found eloquent expression in the speeches of Mr. Gladstone. Foremost not only in place but in debate, the right honourable gentleman

astonished even those who knew him best by his incessant exertions, by his readiness to meet and disconcert attack, by his promptitude in defence, and by the marvellous attack, by his power and debating force of more than one great speech. His colleagues in the Cabinet scarcely gave him the assistance that was his due, and it soon became evident that the personnel of a Whig Government, even after it had undergone the infusion of a Radical element, was not strong enough to do the work of Reform. From Mr. Bright we had more than one address, remarkable alike for humour, eloquence, and argument; while Mr. Mill proved his fitness for political life by one of the clearest and most convincing speeches in favour of the Government Bill that was delivered in the course of the debate. In spite, however, of the energy of its defenders—in spite, we may add, of the pledges which hon. Members on the Liberal side had given to their constituents—the Bill at last received a fatal blow from Lord Dunkellin's amendment. The late Government at once resigned, and after an interregnum of rather unusual duration, the Earl of Derby and his friends entered office.

For the present the cause of Parliamentary Reform has sustained a check. A measure so moderate that it fairly deserved the character of a compromise has been defeated by a majority but imperfectly representing the real amount of dislike of which it was the organ. It has been made disagreeably obvious that there is amongst the middle classes a far larger amount of caste prejudice against the enfranchisement of the working classes than had been previously suspected. The action of the Liberal party has been partially paralysed, by the ventilation of a number of fantastic crotchetts on the subject of representation, by certain members of the House of Commons, and by certain journals which assume to be peculiarly the organs of thoughtfulness and culture. But, on the other hand, it is equally evident that a sound and healthy public opinion upon this great question is rapidly growing up. The claims of the working classes to a large increase of political power are too obvious to be directly denied. It is indeed admitted on all hands that they must be met; and if this be done at all, it can only be done in some plain, common-sense, English way, such as that proposed by the late Government. Fancy franchises, ingenious schemes for taking votes so as to give nominations an artificial importance, elaborate contrivances for distributing seats according to any other plan than one which follows the ancient and well-known divisions of the country,—these things are so utterly opposed to our national tastes and prejudices that they have not the slightest chance of acceptance. Indeed, if they ever had a chance this would have been destroyed by the manner in which they have been avowedly adopted to the dishonest purpose of taking back from the working man with one hand that which has been given with the other. They belong to the period when Reform was a matter of *dilettanti* speculation, or a mere excuse for faction fights, rather than an object of serious, genuine endeavour. The manly and straightforward resignation of the late Government has raised the question out of the region of "shams" and trifling; and to that region it is not likely to descend so long as the Liberals have in Mr. Gladstone a leader who is the impersonation of earnestness itself. He has already in one session worked a great and salutary change in their tone. He is said to have ruined, but he has really renovated, a party which, under its old chief, had taken sadly to lotus-eating and to the placid enjoyment of official loaves and fishes. His broad and generous attention has not been confined to the subject of Parliamentary Reform. He has already succeeded in winning the confidence of the people of England by his speech on the Church and the Land questions. On foreign politics he represents with equal decision English sympathy for liberty all the world over, and English reluctance to intermeddle in the dynastic or territorial questions of other countries; while he invariably brings to the consideration of all our Continental disputes a large and fair spirit, which is none the less firm because it is just and conciliatory. So long as he remains at its head the Liberal party is not likely to want great objects, or to pursue them in a perfunctory manner. Nor will the country be slow to respond by confidences and support to that noble thirst for improvement and progress, by which, even more than by talents or eloquence, Mr. Gladstone is distinguished from the ordinary run of party leaders or official statesmen.

If there is not a speedy amendment in the sanitary condition of our towns, it will not be because Parliament has been

niggardly in bestowing the requisite powers. Out of a comparatively barren session we have gained at least one Act which goes far to compensate the shortcomings of Parliament in other respects, and with the help of which, if too much is not left to the "authorities," we may do great things. And fortunately we are not left so completely at their mercy that we cannot help ourselves if we have a mind to do so. There need be no more lamenting over open cesspools, bad drainage, deficient water supply, or any of the abominations which have hitherto been friendly to the spread of epidemics; no more waiting on the uncertain providence of local boards and their officers. If the "Sewer Authority" makes default in providing its district with sufficient sewers, or in the maintenance of existing sewers, or in providing a supply of water when it is needed; or if the "Nuisance Authority" makes default in enforcing the provisions of the Nuisance Removal Acts, the Home Secretary can, upon complaint being made to him, appoint some person to do their duty for them, and at their cost. Thus the inhabitants of a district have its sanitary condition very much in their own hands. By the 18th section of the Act the requisition in writing of any ten of them shall be deemed equivalent to the certificate of the medical officer. And in order that the powers of the "authorities" may be still further limited, and their action placed under surveillance, the 16th section empowers the chief officer of police, in any place within the jurisdiction of a "Nuisance Authority," under the direction of one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, to institute any proceedings with respect to the removal of nuisances which the "Nuisance Authority" might institute, in the event of the latter neglecting its duty in that respect. So far, what the Legislature can do it has done. The means are ready to our hands; if we don't use them it is our own fault.

The Sanitary Act, 1866, does not stop here. It recognises nuisances which have not been recognised before, and marks them out to be put down. For the first time the Legislature admits that overcrowding a house, or part of a house, to a degree dangerous or prejudicial to the health of the inmates is a nuisance to be dealt with according to the provisions of the Nuisance Removal Acts and the Act we are considering. We are getting on. Time was, and that not very long ago, when the Legislature cared not whether ten, twenty, or thirty people slept in one room: it was their business: Parliament could not stoop to such small matters. By-and-by the middle and upper classes, for whom Parliament thought it enough to legislate, found out that their houses and the houses of the poor were not so entirely cut off as they believed. They thought that Nature and Fortune, and whatever other power has to do with such matters, would, out of mere decency of feeling, make a sufficient gulf between them to keep off the possibility of infection; but they found that it was not so, and that wealth and comfort could not shake off the rest of humanity, send it to dig in the fields for them, build mansions and palaces for them, and generally do their dirty work without risk of contagion. So they said, "This is shocking; cholera alights on these wretches, and passes from them to us. We must look to the condition of our poor; we must be humane." Then the Common Lodging Houses Act was passed, and gentility thought it had done its duty. But the evil of over-crowding grew and grew—first, because of the growth of the population, and next because we were pulling down the homes of the poor to build better streets and make way for railroads. And now matters have come to such a pass that the poor cannot find houses for love or money—that is, for any money that they can afford to pay. Twenty ejectment summonses were taken out lately against some poor people living in Lower Union-court, Holborn-hill. The premises have been required by the Corporation for City improvements, and some time ago the tenants received notice that they must go. They refused to stir, for the perfectly logical and sensible, though not legal, reason that they had nowhere to go. When, on Tuesday last, their cases were heard in the Sheriffs' Court, one said:—"If I am turned out, I do not know where I can go. I have a wife and three children, and have walked many miles looking for a place. I cannot afford to give much rent, and, now the cholera is so much about, people will not take us in." One old man, who had lived in the court several years, urged that it was all very well to say that they must leave, "but where could they go if they could find no places?" Rents of rooms were nearly doubled, and how the poor were to go on he did not know. "A tidy-looking old woman," says the report, "was the next defendant, and she said she had lived in the court twenty-five years, and had kept a mangle during the whole of that period. It was extremely hard that she should be turned out now for nothing at all; and if she really had to leave she would certainly be

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rained." All the tenants of this court were well-conducted people, and, as their landlord vouched for them, "always paid their way." What could the Common Serjeant who heard this remarkable story say? "His lordship" was "very sorry;" he "confessed that all this was very painful, but the law must be carried out;" he hoped that there would "soon be sufficient dwelling accommodation for the poor;" but "they must go out as the property was required for a great public improvement." And so in a few days they will be put out, their little goods and chattels turned into the streets, and the houses pulled down. The Corporation of the great City of London, capital of the world's commerce, in which my Lord Mayor feasts princes and ministers, kings and emperors, has not had either the conscience or the heart to offer these poor creatures a few shillings a head by way of compensation or gratuity.

This state of things must come to an end, and when the Legislature has recognised overcrowding as a public nuisance, it has in effect declared that there is a necessity for an Act which shall ensure the provision of proper dwellings for the poor. Nay, with such an Act of Parliament before us as this, there is hope that the interests of humanity will hold a prominent place in the deliberations of the Legislature. For it has taken under its control all factories, workshops, and work-places, not already dealt with legislatively, and set them down as nuisances if they are "not kept in a cleanly state, or not ventilated in such a manner as to render harmless as far as practicable any gases, vapours, dust, or other impurities generated in the course of the work carried on therein," and dangerous to health; or if they are so overcrowded "as to be dangerous or prejudicial to the health of those employed therein." We have hopes, moreover, that we may by-and-by be able to call a cab off the stand without the risk of summoning typhus or small-pox at the same time. There are provisions in this Act inflicting penalties on persons suffering from any dangerous infectious disorder who shall enter any public conveyance without previously notifying to the owner or driver that he is so suffering; and by way of support to this clause there is another which permits the "Nuisance Authority" to provide and maintain a carriage or carriages suitable for the conveyance of persons suffering under any contagious or infectious disease, and to pay the expense of conveying any person therein to a hospital or place for the reception of the sick, or to his own home. All these are steps in advance. We shall come to a full measure of common sense by-and-by. We see in this Act more signs that Podsnapery in the shape of local self-government is coming to an end, and that the life-and-death interests of a district shall not much longer be allowed to depend on boards, or vestries, or what-not, composed of the unintellectual scum of the neighbourhood. It is high time, in all conscience, that there was an end of such grim foolery, and that the greengrocers, haircutters, and publicans, who, with their social equivalents, compose these bodies, should be put in their proper places.

THE FRENCH DEMANDS ON PRUSSIA.

ANTICIPATED though it has been for several months, it is impossible to deny that the announcement made at the close of last week, that the French Emperor had demanded territorial compensation of Prussia, came upon the English public with a rather startling effect. It seemed to render the probability of a European war so imminent that many persons were filled with dismal forebodings, and certain journals began to write up a policy of increased expenditure on our armaments as the only proper one for this country. Prussia, it was argued, is not likely to accede to a demand for the cession of territory, now that she is flushed with an unparalleled success, is in possession of an immense and triumphant army, and has half of Germany (to state the case moderately) at her back. If she were to refuse, France, as one of the first military Powers of the world, and as the assumed arbiter of Europe, could not submit to such a check on her long-cherished schemes; and if war were to break out between France and Prussia for the possession of a piece of border territory, it would be difficult to say where it might terminate, or what countries might not be involved. Such were the first thoughts of many, and they were not without a colour of probability. Lord Stanley, however, immediately before the prorogation of Parliament, stated, not that a "demand" had been made, but that "negotiations" had been opened between France and Prussia for the cession of certain territory, and the French papers subsequently gave us to understand that matters were proceeding in the most friendly manner. It had, indeed,

all along been suspected that the Emperor Napoleon and Count Bismarck understood one another. The interviews of the French monarch with the Prussian statesman previous to the late war, bore a very significant resemblance to the meeting of Louis Napoleon and Count Cavour a little before the Italian war of 1859. We all know what was arranged at that earlier meeting—that the cession of Savoy and Nice was agreed to in the event of a certain state of things being brought about in Italy by the aid of French arms; and it was a very reasonable surmise that a similar understanding had been arrived at when the ruler of France and the Minister of Prussia laid their heads together in secret conclave. Public feeling, therefore, took another turn, and, while the bargain was generally disapproved, as evincing rapacity on the one side and servility on the other, it was thought that the Emperor had made a great hit, that the arrangement would be quietly carried into effect, and that other countries had no cause for interference. It appeared, moreover, that the territory required was not "the Rhine Provinces" in the extended signification of that term (as was at first supposed), but a certain portion of the Rhenish lands which France actually possessed in 1814, which she was allowed to retain at the peace of that year, but of which she was deprived by the treaties of 1815, after the return of Napoleon from Elba, and his fall at Waterloo. The territory in question runs across the Palatinate of the Rhine from Sarrelouis to Landau, and so to the great river which all Germans regard as peculiarly their own. It is at present divided between Prussia and Bavaria, and, though not considerable in area, is perhaps worth quarrelling about, since it contains the fortresses of Sarrelouis and Landau, and the coal-fields of Saarbrück. Supposing it to be granted, however, there can be little doubt that the concession would, in time, be made the excuse for a further demand; for the hankering of the French people after the entire Rhine Provinces would hardly be satisfied with so beggarly an instalment. In these cases, appetite is very prone to grow by what it feeds on; and it should not be forgotten that French ambition for the Rhine as a frontier is not simply a "Napoleonic idea," but a desire very widely shared by the people generally—by the Republicans as much as by the Imperialists. Not to speak of the sentimental feeling, which will not be content with anything short of the France of Charlemagne—though this is a feeling extremely likely to influence a vain and impulsive race such as the French—it is contended that the frontiers towards the north-east are naturally weak. This must, indeed, be granted; though whether the Rhine would make any essential difference in a military point of view is very doubtful. Along the imaginary line of demarcation between France, on the one hand, and Bavaria, Prussia, and Belgium, on the other, are several fortified places of immense strength; and it is impossible to believe that the possession of even the whole of the Rhine Provinces, still less of a small additional section of the river to that already skirting French territory, could add materially to the defences of one of the strongest empires in the world.

These speculations, however, are rendered futile for the present by the latest turn of the diplomatic kaleidoscope, if we may rely on the statements from abroad. Prussia, it is said, has declared any rectification of her frontiers, in accordance with the French demands, to be quite inadmissible. It might have been expected that France would have immediately declared war, or at least have taken those steps which, in the case of a great Power, foreshadow the commencement of hostilities. On the contrary, we are told that she does not even complain or protest. The Prussian Ambassador at Paris presented the rejoinder of his Government to the Emperor himself at a private audience on Wednesday; and the Emperor, in reply, "stated to Count von Goltz that it was in order to satisfy public opinion in France that he had expressed" the wish in question "to the Prussian Government. He had considered such a wish just, but acknowledged the fairness of the arguments brought forward by the Prussian Cabinet, and added that the good relations between Prussia and France should in no case be disturbed. In conclusion, his Majesty expressed a hope that Prussia would not overstep the line of the Maine." If this be a correct report of the Emperor's speech (and it has not yet been contradicted), it is certainly the humblest language ever held by one great monarch to another. It is taking the blow on the right cheek, and *almost* offering the left. The Emperor, it would appear, is content to follow the lead of Prussia, and only "hopes" she will not be too exacting in her policy towards her vanquished foes. Seven years ago, France dictated terms to Austria and Italy, and pretty clearly gave the world to understand that she would permit no interference with her plans. Seven months ago, she was believed to hold the balance between conflicting ambitions. To-day, she shrinks

to the dimensions of the humble friend of Prussia, willing to receive her favours or her frowns. For the first time in his long term of power, the Emperor Napoleon declares that his people entertain a certain deeply-seated wish—that he himself sympathizes in that wish, which he considers just—that he would gladly carry it out, but that he cannot. It is an abdication, without the dignity of a struggle or the pathos of a defeat.

The Emperor, if we may believe recent reports, has been ill, and it may be that his spirit is broken down by bad health and prolonged labours. But the present is not the first of his mistakes and discomfitures, and a continuance in the same line might be dangerous to a power such as his, which is avowedly based on the popular will. The expedition to Mexico was the result of a misconception of the posture of affairs in the United States, and this very week the news from America shows how critical is the position of the Emperor Maximilian. He is reported to be menaced in his capital, where a revolution has broken out, and the Empress has in fact arrived in Paris, to see what can be done under present circumstances. The failure of French policy in the New World, and the obvious fact that the French troops are being withdrawn from Mexico on the demand of President Johnson, formerly tailor of Tennessee, are events which have already sufficiently irritated the sensitive honour of our neighbours, and they are hardly in the mood to bear a fresh humiliation without considerable grumbling. In the celebrated despatch to his Foreign Minister of not much more than two months ago, the Emperor declared that he would not suffer the aggrandisement of any great State concerned in the war, without territorial compensation to himself. He now (unless he has been falsely reported) eats his own words in the face of Europe, and declares to France that he would gladly do otherwise if he dared. Such, at least, is the conclusion which we are compelled to form, unless we are to seek for the truth in a very different direction. Certainly, all that we know of Louis Napoleon is against the supposition that he would tamely submit to a refusal of what he had set his heart on accomplishing. That he should not only submit, but fawn on the hand of him who checks him, is, undoubtedly, on the face of things, difficult to understand; and it may be that he has a secret understanding with Prussia that what is refused now shall be granted some time hence, when the European situation is better adapted to such a change.

MR. DE GRUYTHER AND THE QUEEN.

WE have not the happiness, or perhaps we ought rather to say the honour, of Mr. De Gruyther's acquaintance. But as it will evidently not be his own fault if he does not attain eminence, or at all events notoriety, we hasten to do him the justice which he deserves, for his bold stand against a minion of the Court. We cannot exactly say that an impression of purely unmixed admiration has been left on our minds by his correspondence with Sir Thomas Biddulph; but the perfect self-complacency with which he regards his own performance will readily enable him to dispense with any praise from us. Since the three tailors of Tooley-street issued their celebrated manifesto in the name of the people of England, there has been no finer display of impudence than this bold attempt of the chairman of a miscellaneous gathering in Hyde Park on the night of the riots, to force himself into the presence of his Sovereign with a demand for the dismissal of her Majesty's Ministers. The mere attempt is a tolerably good flight of cool assurance; but the manner in which it was carried out is still better. The correspondence commences with a brief note, written in close imitation of the official style, in which Mr. De Gruyther requests the Queen's private secretary to inform him when her Majesty will receive himself and his companions in order to present a resolution from the aforesaid meeting. Sir Thomas Biddulph in reply courteously suggests that any application of this kind should be forwarded through the Home Secretary. This was exactly what Mr. De Gruyther expected, and was fully prepared to meet. He was aware of what he calls the "etiquette of the matter," but regretted (is he quite sure of that?) that under existing circumstances he could not comply with it, and must press the right of the deputation to wait upon her Majesty. Forthwith opening his batteries of constitutional law upon the unfortunate official, he claimed no less than a statutable right for any ten persons to call upon the sovereign whenever they chose. Hard, indeed, would be the fate of royalty if such a right could be supported, for, considering the number of idle people in London, it would be strange if half a dozen parties were not made up every morning in order to enjoy the pleasure of half an hour's chat

with Queen Victoria, on any subject which might happen to occur to them as the suitable subject of a petition. But, of course, if the 13th Charles II, c. 5. sec. 1, and the Bill of Rights, subject her Majesty to such an infliction, there is no alternative but submission. Loyal subjects need, however, be under no apprehension of seeing her submerged under a flood of impudent and idle gossip. All that the two statutes, taken together, provide is that not more than ten persons shall go, either to the Houses of Parliament or to the Queen, for the purpose of presenting a petition, but they say not a single word as to their right of admission when they get there. That is a distinction which is probably not visible to Mr. De Gruyther, but if he will take the advice of any legal friend he will probably be told that it is not wholly immaterial. If we might, before parting with this letter, give him a bit of advice, it is that he should leave the statutes alone—they are edge tools, which are apt to cut inexperienced fingers—and should stick to a line in which he really seems to be strong—the manufacture of full-flavoured platitudes. If Sir Thomas Biddulph had had the feelings of a man, and not those of a gold or silver stick, he must have collapsed when he was informed that his correspondent "need not point out that no body of men can fitly represent her Majesty who act in open defiance of English traditions and sentiments, and who either cannot or will not govern according to enlightened constitutional and Christian principles." As it was, he simply rejoined by reiterating his request that another might be added to poor Mr. Walpole's troubles; while Mr. De Gruyther, not to be behind-hand in firmness, after repeating his former and adding some fresh bad law, wound up by a parting intimation that the deputation would like to see her Majesty before she went to Scotland, as they were poor men and could not afford to travel about the country. We do not, of course, propose to argue with this person, or with those who may be acting with him, upon the absurdity of their proceedings. It would produce no effect upon them if we were to point out that her Majesty's Ministers—who, by the way, are recognised by the Constitution, although Mr. De Gruyther says they are not—are the proper channels through which all communications on political subjects are made to the Sovereign, and that there is not the smallest probability that Mr. Walpole, or any other Home Secretary, would keep back from her Majesty any proper and respectful petitions that might be forwarded to him for presentation. What the De Gruythers of the Reform or any other movement want, is simply to make themselves talked about; if they can be conspicuous in no other way, they are perfectly ready to be conspicuous for absurdity.

So long as they "keep themselves to themselves" no one would think of preventing their indulging so harmless a taste. Unfortunately they have a knack of attaching themselves to the movement of the day whatever it may be; and the inevitable result is that part of the ridicule they earn falls upon it. Now we regret to see that Mr. De Gruyther's correspondence was read and was received with apparent approbation at a meeting of one of the branches of the Reform League; and it is, indeed, chiefly for that reason that we have called attention to it. We do not want to see a good cause injured, and a serious agitation brought into contempt, by the silly freaks of some or the questionable characters of others. No doubt, in the course of every agitation much will be done that is not altogether consistent with good sense or good taste. It would be idle to expect that you can engage a large number of men in a work that they have deeply at heart, excite their energies and passions to the highest point, and then restrain them to the bounds of strict decorum and absolute propriety. The assistance of many people who do nearly as much harm as good must be accepted, because it is impossible to pick and choose very nicely in such a case. But still there are limits within which the leaders of every movement should try to keep the excesses of their followers—there is assistance which they should resolutely discard. Mr. Beales and his colleagues are not sufficiently alive to this duty. They cannot afford to despise the opinion of the middle and educated classes of society; and yet at their meetings they constantly allow men, acting, apparently, in connection with and on behalf of the League, to pour out tirades of nonsense which are absolutely revolting to common sense. Nor is this all. They ought to be aware,—if they are not let us tell them, that amongst the varieties of "rough" which London produces, one is the "rough oratorical." He is a fellow with a fluent tongue and a large capacity for drink. He is generally heard of in connection with public-house discussion halls, the proprietors of which always keep two or three of these disreputable intellectual gladiators in their pay. He is perfectly ready for a moderate consideration to adopt any character, and advocate

any cause. He is especially great at an election, where he is equally ready to do the dirty work of either side. Of the character of his performances we may give one or two instances, which will explain better than any description what manner of man he is, and how he earns his pay. A few years ago a friend of ours happened to be present at an election meeting in a town some thirty miles from London. To his astonishment, he saw in the body of the hall one of the shining ultra-liberal lights of a well-known midnight spouting club. His astonishment was not diminished when this man rose in the character of an independent working man, and proceeded to put several questions. The candidate—he was a Conservative, by the bye—answered with engaging frankness. “The working man” was nearly satisfied, but not quite. He could not pledge his support unless two or three points were made perfectly plain. The candidate was naturally eager to satisfy so intelligent and impartial an inquirer. He vouchsafed some further explanations. Then the working man’s scruples and doubts vanished, and he did what he came from London to do—delivered an impassioned appeal to his fellow working men to vote for the gentleman who had made such a perfectly satisfactory statement of his views. At one election for Kidderminster we have heard that a whole company of these performers was taken down from London, and that something like half a dozen streams of beery eloquence were suddenly let flow upon that astonished town. Nay, so regardless of expense was the candidate that we believe he actually provided new “properties” for the occasion. At any rate, gossip has since dwelt admiringly upon the magnificent appearance which one of the band presented when he addressed the electors as an independent gentleman who had just come over from Ireland—entirely without solicitation—merely for the purpose of testifying to the excellent qualities of his friend, the colonel, both as a man and a landlord. Again, we well recollect the *bogus* meetings which the notorious George Francis Train used to get up in different parts of London, when he was trying to thrust his great tramway scheme down our throats. It could not have been pure love of the sacred cause of tramways that led our friends to transport themselves to the Horns at Kennington, or some other outlandish spot, and there—with the utmost fervour—move and second resolutions as inhabitants of the parish of Lambeth. But this is not the dirtiest kind of work that our “rough” sometimes does. He touches the bottom when he figures as one of the counsel at a judge and jury club, and night after night retails stale obscenity for the benefit of young boys and old blackguards.

Now we observe with regret that the Reform League are not keeping themselves clear (as surely they ought) from all connection with the sort of men we have been describing. Indeed, if we are not greatly misinformed, the very worst variety is represented amongst the speakers who are continually and prominently occupying their platforms. No time ought to be lost in ridding the movement of such a taint. We do not ourselves agree with the programme of the League. But we believe that if it be directed with tolerable prudence it may co-operate advantageously with other agencies in promoting the passage of a moderate but substantial Reform Bill. In order, however, that it may do this, the men who take part in its management and speak at its meetings should be *bonâ-fide* working men, thus acting and thus speaking because they have earnest convictions, and not because spouting and agitation are their trade. A good cause may defy its enemies, but nothing is proof against the assistance of a few De Gruyters and a knot of pothouse orators.

ADMIRALTY INCOMPETENCE.

FROM every quarter evidence accumulates of the unsatisfactory and disgraceful condition of the navy. All the facts tend to show not only that we are for the moment unprepared, but that the naval resources of the country are virtually in a state of disorganization. The spirit in which the Duke of Somerset carried out the duties of his office may be imagined when we find an individual so cautious and measured in his language as Sir John Pakington thus depicting his Grace’s conduct. Sir John Pakington “could not help expressing regret that the proceedings of the Dockyard Committee had been ignored to such an extent, that the only notice he had seen of its labours was a memorandum written by the First Lord, couched in such a tone of sarcasm towards the gentlemen who composed the Committee, that he was disposed to think that the noble duke when he wrote it, must have rather had in his mind the

fact that the Committee was appointed by his predecessors in office, than the value of the recommendations.” We, however, are now inclined to believe that the real offence of the Committee in the eyes of the noble duke was, that like sensible men, when assigning a cause for the inefficiency and extravagance of the dockyards—why frigates built at Portsmouth cost in shipwright’s labour £5. 5s. 10d. per ton, and at Chatham £3. 19s. 9d. per ton, whilst the same work was executed in private dockyards at £2. 12s. per ton—they had sufficient common sense to assign the first place to “the constitution of the Board of Admiralty,” thus placing themselves in opposition to the noble duke, whose whole influence had, it is well known, been exerted to secure the maintenance of the institution of which he formed the head. Scarcely was he seated in office than he exhibited such courtesy in his intercourse with the Comptroller of the Navy as insured the resignation of that officer, by which the country lost the benefit of the services of a thoroughly honest and zealous public servant. Almost the first act of the latter was to startle the world by procuring the appointment of a young man, whose chief qualifications seem to have been insinuating manners, to the important and onerous duties of chief naval constructor, in defiance not merely of all precedent, but of what every one felt to be due to the claims of officers of long service, distinguished ability, and great practical experience in naval architecture.

Far be it from us to advocate any adherence to precedent in the promotion of incompetency, or to countenance for an instant the supposition that any claims of seniority can be permitted to compete with the good of the public service, but when both qualifications centre in the same individual, to set aside both orders of claims for the purpose of giving the rein to favouritism and caprice is doubly reprehensible, and like other kinds of injustice and dishonesty sure to entail its own punishment. It will be fortunate for the country if, in the present instance, the punishment be limited to mere pecuniary loss, even should this have to be counted by millions. Even though Mr. Reed had never given evidence of practical ability to construct a good or a fast ship, if Admiral Robinson believed there was in this gentleman an undeveloped genius for the art of ship building, of which he wished the country to have the benefit, nothing would have been easier than to have allowed him to construct a vessel in competition with the officers of the department, when, if he demonstrated his superiority, his appointment of chief constructor could have followed instead of preceded the manifestation of his genius. But, in an art the science of which is yet so confessedly imperfect that its successful practice is pre-eminently founded on experience, and science is rather its handmaid than its law-giver, to install in the post of chief naval constructor to the greatest maritime nation in the world an untried theorist, and to do this, moreover, over the head of one of the most practically successful shipbuilders in the world (Mr. Laing), was the act of a madman, and, if possible, a greater violation of common sense than even of official usage. Mr. Laing, who could not but feel himself aggrieved and insulted by having a young untried man placed over his head, begged permission to retire. The Russian Government immediately sought to secure his services, but this had been previously done by Messrs. Samuda at threefold his former salary, and this eminent firm have recently launched for the Pasha of Egypt the fastest ocean steamer known, from Mr. Laing’s designs. How sad a contrast the Admiralty *chef-d’œuvres* exhibit is, unfortunately, but too notorious.

The magnitude and momentous character of the interests at stake, and the enormous amount of the sums disbursed, render it of the greatest importance that the highest attainable ability should be secured for the service of the State, not only regardless of cost, but as the most indispensable step to economy. In short, no proposition can be more self-evident than that the official, upon whose knowledge of his profession the prestige, possibly the safety even of a nation may be dependent, should be a man of demonstrated capacity in his art. We will not enact the farce of affecting to ask whether this is now the case at the Admiralty, for we doubt whether, in modern times, in any other European nation, a parallel instance could be shown where individuals have been entrusted with responsibilities so vast as those attaching to the offices of comptroller and chief constructor of the navy upon such slender antecedents as the present holders of these offices. The accidents of an accident, they owe their position, not to any demonstrated fitness for the duties of their office, but to having found grace in the eyes of a noble duke—one of those who condescend to exercise their hereditary gift of statesmanship in administering the affairs of the English people, and who in improvising a comptroller of the navy out of an electioneering captain, but

follows the illustrious example of those Eastern caliphs who were wont to make their barbers viziers.

Has the nation, then, a right to be surprised at its defenceless condition, or any ground for wonder at finding that, after devoting seventy millions to their navy in the last seven years, they have, at the present moment virtually neither ships nor guns? It has been warned again and again of the utter incompetency of the Admiralty by those who had the best means of knowing and no interests to serve but the good of the community. As the tree, so the fruit. As the Admiralty, so the navy. An efficient navy must have intelligence as its antecedent, and can only issue from an efficient source; but the English people, like unreasoning children, appear to expect that a miracle is to be wrought in their behalf by the wand of some official harlequin. An accomplished naval officer and one of the most able men who ever sat at the Admiralty Board, Sir George Cockburn, left behind him the following memorandum:—"Having filled the station of confidential and principal Sea Lord of the Admiralty for more than seventeen years, I feel that my opinion may, sooner or later, be deemed worthy of consideration and attention. I am, therefore, induced to place in writing the decisions to which my long experience has brought me on this point. I have, then, no hesitation in stating that I consider the present establishment of that Board to be the most unsatisfactory, and least efficient for the purpose, that could be devised." Once more we ask the question, how long is this state of things to be? Its continued existence is at once a reproach and a punishment. A proof that for years we have had no statesmen worthy of the name. No statesmen—who have had either the courage or the capacity to undertake the task of naval organization, but simply party leaders, whose skill and time and attention has been devoted to the task of maintaining their party in power by tiding over difficulties instead of grappling with, and subduing them. Rumour attributes to the present Ministry the intention of making a bid for the confidence and gratitude of the country by initiating measures of Administrative reform, and never had a party a fairer field for action or a surer hold on the sympathies and best wishes of the public in the prosecution of their task. The success also which has attended the adoption of the system of competitive examination as a qualification for admission to the lower ranks of the civil service has served to point the way to further progress by bringing into more prominent relief the rotten portions of our Administrative machinery.

THE POLICE.

THERE are few industrial occupations of any kind in which a course of preparatory training, more or less lengthy and severe, is not an indispensable requisite for success. The mechanic and the artisan must alike be content to expend a considerable amount of time in mastering the elementary intricacies of their business; neither can expect to support themselves on the profits of their industry without special education for their labours, and, in no small degree, special aptitude. It is in this respect, however, that the policeman differs most strongly from other working men. The duties of his profession are simple, and can be learned at once. He needs neither a long initiation into his labours, nor any peculiar or separate faculty to render him suitable for them. A sound mind, a healthy body, habits of temperance and honesty, are the only qualifications strictly necessary; nor is there the least reason why any man, by the constant exercise of these, should not make an admirable constable. For these reasons probably, it is in a great measure from the number of unsuccessful mechanics and artisans that the police ranks are perpetually recruited; and it would be difficult to find in any one body of men greater variety both as regards previous occupations and habits, and special acquirements as well. Soldiers, sailors, labourers of every class both in town and country, are to be found in its numbers—from the small shopkeeper down to the farmer's man, fresh from the plough's tail. There is thus no limit to the number of candidates for the situation of constable. Each applicant must display a fair knowledge of the rules of arithmetic, must be able to read with ease, and must write an intelligible hand. In addition to this, he must be possessed of a physical frame, free from all symptoms of disease, and of unimpaired mental faculties. Such questions as the authorities may put to him, on his appearance before them, he must answer in a manner which betokens fair quickness of comprehension and general intelligence. In the London City Police Force he must not be less than five feet eight inches high; in the Metropolitan Force the

minimum height is an inch lower. This, however, is not all. It is in the eyes of the official authorities an absolute necessity that he should not have a large family dependent upon him for support; hence single men are, as a rule, preferred. A rigid inquisition is made into his previous character. Should he have served in a place of trust, the circumstances under which he left it will be discovered. His previous employers will be minutely questioned as to his general capacities for undergoing labour, and his general honesty. These are no superfluous provisions, when it is remembered that the policeman is the responsible preserver of public order, of property, possibly of life, for the security of which rates and taxes are paid. Nor is it less important that he should be in the enjoyment of a vigorous and healthy constitution. Comparatively light as the labours of the policeman may seem, his life is in reality one of constant responsibility and uninterrupted strain. Like the mechanic he has, of course, his hours of repose, sometimes his whole days,—indeed, in our London forces there is little ground for complaint, holidays to the extent of one day in each month, and one week in each year being allowed, without deduction of pay. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that at no time is he free from liability to be summoned into active service. Should any unforeseen disturbance arise, his hours of rest are at once broken into; and till order is again established he is as responsible and as actively employed as if he were on his regular beat at his accustomed hours. Thus he has not the advantage which other of our working men enjoy, of being able to dismiss all thoughts of labour when the prescribed period for it has passed. This necessity of exposure to all weathers, the chance of having his hours of rest at any moment interrupted, can only be supported by a man who has the gift of a strong *physique*. The post of a policeman is, indeed, one of almost incessant toil, and there are not a few to whom this knowledge comes inconveniently late. It is a very common thing for men with little inclination for hard work to enter a police force, thinking thus "to better themselves," and believing that a policeman's most arduous duty is that of parading a street. It is needless, however, to say that the shirker soon discovers his mistake.

The amount and nature of preparatory training to be undergone by all who enter either of the great bodies of the London police may next be stated. A whole month is devoted, before any active duty is performed, to the task of initiation into the nature of the labours which will afterwards fall to the tyro's share. The recruit is carefully drilled, and every day receives certain information, his memory of which is tested by frequently repeated questions. The Instruction Book is placed in his hands; certain portions of this he has to copy out and learn by heart. He is told what it will be his duty to do in the case of any emergencies, and the method to be preserved by him in his duties. Next, he is minutely instructed as to the manner in which his evidence must be given in court when required. He is taught to study conciseness of expression and directness of reply. Should it be found that at the expiration of the month he exhibits the needful qualities of intelligence and capacity for the work, he is at once permitted to proceed to active duty; should he, on the other hand, fail in satisfying the authorities that he will make an efficient servant, he is dismissed as ineligible. Night duty first falls to the share of the recruit. He is thus enabled to become acquainted with streets and neighbourhoods more leisurely than he could in the midst of the busy traffic of the day; and it is not surprising that night duty, especially within the precincts of the City, is preferred by the men.

The rate of wages both in the City and the Metropolitan police force is nearly the same—that in the former being slightly in advance. In both a guinea a week, after a few preliminary trials, is paid; but the subsequent rise of pay is more rapid in the City force. In twelve months City policemen are entitled to receive twenty-four shillings, and at the end of two years twenty-eight shillings a week. Beyond this, there is a gradual rise to the office of Chief Inspector, the remuneration of which amounts to sixty-five shillings a week, or £159 a year. In the matter of pensions ample provision has been made. Members of the City and Metropolitan force alike are entitled, after fifteen years' service, to receive an annual sum not amounting to more than half-pay; and in cases of further incapacity for active service, if only it can be proved that he has been disabled in the performance of his duty, the constable receives a pension equal to, but not exceeding, his full yearly pay. In cases of sickness one shilling a day is deducted from the weekly wages. Clothes have not to be bought from any of the sums above mentioned. Two suits a year, a great coat and a cape in two years, and an annual payment of thirty-six shillings for boots are given to each man.

If the disadvantages under which the policeman labours of being never completely released from his duty are serious, he has comforts to which the artizan or mechanic, as a rule, is a stranger. Foremost among these must be ranked the provision which has been made in the metropolis for his healthy lodging. In the Bishopsgate-street Station there is accommodation for seventy-five men of the City force. Nothing can be better than the arrangements here. There is an admirable mess-room, a comfortable kitchen, a reading-room, which is now beginning to be stocked with papers, periodicals, and books, dormitories, and lavatories. Besides this, there is a separate part of the building assigned to those who may be on the sick list; and it would be impossible to praise too highly the cleanliness and airiness which good care is taken to preserve throughout. Eighteenpence is the weekly sum paid by the inmates of the Bishopsgate-street Station, and another sixpence to the housekeeper. There is a similar institution for the Metropolitan police in King-street, Charing-cross; only here the accommodation is greater, and the whole place more closely resembles a militia barrack. Here, too, everything is admirably planned. There is also at the various other stations of the force accommodation for their members, only of a much more limited character. On the whole, the prospects of the London police seem especially favourable. During the last twenty years nothing has been spared by the authorities both of the Metropolitan and City force to render their position comfortable, and to improve their general standard.

TEA.

A YEAR or two since, our Nonconformist brethren celebrated the bicentenary of the sufferings of the expelled clergy in the time of Charles II. In the present year we might not unfitly celebrate a greater bicentenary, in honour of the alleviator of the sufferings of clergy and laity, expelled or not expelled. According to the ordinary statement to be found in books, the beverage which has now won its way to every hearth was introduced amongst us in 1666, by my Lords Arlington and Ossory, who brought it over from the meditative Dutchmen, and caused it to become so much the fashion in England that it fetched sixty shillings a pound. That chronology, however, is somewhat deranged by a fact more recently discovered, namely, that in 1660 a tax of eightpence a gallon was laid upon various liquids concocted and offered for sale, among which tea is mentioned; and in the same year "Pepys his Diary" records that the writer sent for a cup of tea, a China drink he had not tried before. Let us hope that he found it more to his taste than that "most insipid ridiculous play I ever saw in my life," the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Tea was to be had at the sign of the Sultan's Head in 1658, although in 1661 it was so rare that the East-India Company made a present of two pounds and two ounces of it to the King. A still earlier date has been assigned to its introduction into England, by reason of the existence of teapots which are said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell and Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory. But these are manufacturing days, when no one would be surprised to see an original photograph of William the Conqueror or a six-shooter patented by Archimedes; and certainly the sight of such curiosities would not tempt the world to alter its views of the date of photography and revolvers. That tea should have been attributed to the virgin Queen is not to be wondered at, considering that, while it is a luxury of all classes, it is, by prescription, the peculiar possession and support of old maids. But we take it that the gracious lady who supplied so many contemporary poetasters with ideas in connection with the light of the universe, maintained the fire of her disposition and her complexion on something a trifle stronger than even the best Bohea, in like manner as her royal father had done. Pasties and ale for breakfast, with sugared cakes and spiced wines at various hours of the day, and solid noonings, and suppers with indifferent strong potations of sack and sack-possets, were more the sort of thing in the middle of the sixteenth century. And in Cromwell's teapot a sceptically disposed inquirer is equally disinclined to believe. It is not easy to imagine that hero cooling the humours of his head with a dish of tea. The paternal beer of Huntingdon had charms for young Oliver in earlier days, and, if it may be said without doing disrespect or injustice to his memory, the Lord Protector's character was that of a man who improved his opportunities rather with sour claret than with so amiable a beverage as that which commences our days in this nineteenth century and preludes and concludes our dinners. There is no doubt, however, that

tea was known on the continent of Europe in Cromwell's time, so the existence of a teapot bearing his name is not so gross an anachronism as are a good many antiquities that might be mentioned.

Tea was not the universal favourite it now is when first it was introduced from its native country. It was most vehemently abused as an immoral, unwholesome decoction, from whose use the worst results must be expected to follow. In 1633 a learned German decided that it was nothing better than black water with an acrid taste; and a few years later a Russian ambassador at the Court of the Mogul declined a large present of it for the Czar, his master, "as it would only encumber him with a commodity for which he had no use." The Dutch were wiser men. They exported large quantities of dried sage, which pleased the Chinese so much that they gave three and four pounds of tea for each pound of sage, until the Dutch were unable to provide that material in sufficient quantities to meet the home demand for tea. Perhaps, with all their craft, they did not get the best leaf, for the Chinese avowed some time after in their trade with America that spent tea-leaves dried again were "good enough for second-chop Englishmen." Sage for some time held its place against tea with us, and the great "Dissertation on Tea," published in 1730, by Dr. Short, was accompanied by "A Discourse on the Virtues of Sage and Water." The use of sage and other herb teas is still frequent among the agricultural poor of some districts in England; and the *tisanes* of the French and Swiss have been in no way replaced by the more costly leaf. Morocco combined *tisanne* with tea, putting sugar in the teapot, and tansy and mint, the flavour of which would, doubtless, considerably disguise the tea, rendering the decoction as unlike that agreeable beverage as was the liquid which issued from the classic brown teapot of Mesdames Gamp and Prig, on the fatal night of their quarrel. Thibet kept clear of the admixture of other herbs, but had its own peculiar way of consuming its tea. This was by boiling the leaf with water, flour, butter, and salt, and devouring the resulting mess bodily. The instinct of an English lady in the country led her to a similar method of utilizing a pound of tea sent as a rarity by a town friend, which she boiled *en masse* in a pan, and served with salt and butter. In China, the common people add ginger and salt, to counteract the cooling qualities of the liquor. The word tea, it may be remarked, comes from the Chinese name for the leaf; the name *Chia*, by which an English writer in 1641 mentions it as a decoction used in China only, is the Portuguese *Cha*, which term that nation borrowed from the Japanese, who got the tea-plant from China in A.D. 810.

This famous beverage, as we have observed, was severely abused for long after its first appearance in this country. Its use is described in 1678 as a "base unworthy Indian custom." In 1746 a physician wrote that as Hippocrates spared no pains to root out the Athenian plague, so he had himself used his utmost endeavours "to destroy the raging epidemical madness of importing tea into Europe from China." And a few years earlier the Grab-street journal attacked it with considerable violence, declaring that even "were it entirely wholesome as balsam or mint, it were yet mischief enough to have a whole population used to sip warm water in an effeminate mincing manner once or twice every day." Under the influence of this abominable liquor the same writer declares that "women become barren; or, if they breed, their blood is made so poor that they have not strength to suckle." Jonas Hanway wrote a treatise against tea in Dr. Johnson's time, and that vast consumer took up the cudgels for "that elegant and popular beverage" (Boswell), even going so far, for the first and only time in his life his biographer believes, as to answer the rejoinder Hanway made. Johnson was an utterly insatiable tea-drinker, "hardened and shameless" he called himself, "with tea amusing the evening, with tea solacing the midnight, with tea welcoming the morning." It is he who is responsible for the late date, 1666, for the introduction of its use in England, and for the noble patronage under which it is said to have made its first appearance. Boswell wrote of his powers as a consumer in words which would infallibly have exasperated him into calling his toady a fool, had they been published in his lifetime:—"The quantities of it which he drank at all hours were so great that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it." But of all detractors of this excellent soother and stimulant, no one has more thoroughly essayed a hip-and-thigh slaughter than Cobbett, Cobbett and Beer. On every ground he objected to it as food for the labouring classes, and the *Edinburgh Review* endorsed most of his arguments, stating its firm belief that "a prohibition, absolute and uncompromising," of the noxious

beverage, is the first step towards ensuring health and strength to the poor, and asserting that "when a labourer fancies himself refreshed with a mess of this stuff, sweetened by the coarsest black sugar, and by azure blue milk, it is only the warmth of the water that soothes him for the moment, unless perhaps the sweetness may be palatable also." Cobbett proved, in a manner conclusive to his mind, that the use of tea entailed a very unnecessary waste of time and money, in which view he might have found support from the *Female Spectator* for 1745, where a writer declared that the tea-table "cost more to support than would maintain two children at nurse," though eight years after that date the country rector with a London wife stated that less than a pound lasted them a twelvemonth, as they seldom offered it but to the best company. The *Quarterly* had taken a different tone about tea, as might have been expected, allowing indeed that it relieves the pains of hunger "rather by mechanical distention than by supplying the waste of nature by adequate sustenance," but claiming for it the power of "calm, placid, and benignant exhilaration, gently stimulating the stomach when fatigued by digestive exertions, and serving as an appropriate diluent of the chyle." More recent inquiries into the peculiar powers of tea have tended to raise it in popular esteem, though it still appears not to be very clear why it should possess the valuable properties which experience assigns to it. One per cent. of volatile oil, an ingredient of which the original leaf shows no trace, is imparted by the process of drying and roasting, and this oil is so potent that the Chinese dare not use tea for a year after the leaf has been prepared, while the packers and unpackers of tea suffer much from paralysis in consequence of their inhaling this subtle element. The volatile character of this part of the tea, so valuable when not present in too large quantities, renders close-fitting caddies indispensable for those who would keep the flavour of their tea. Theine, of which there is an average of two per cent. in good tea, though some green teas have as much as six per cent., has nothing to do with the taste of tea, but its presence is most important, on account of the unusually large amount of nitrogen (nearly 30 per cent.) which it contains. It is this substance that makes tea save food, by its action in preventing various wastes of the system, and renders it peculiarly acceptable to elderly persons, in whom these wastes go on very rapidly, while their stomach assimilates less and less of the nutritive portion of food. An ounce of good tea contains about ten grains of theine—an amount sufficient to produce a peculiar intoxication, and many unpleasant symptoms, if taken in one day. From three to four grains of theine is a healthy amount for a day, so that three ounces of really good tea is more than an ordinary person should take in a week. Tannin, the astringent element in tea, is extracted by lengthened infusion, and any one who wishes to avoid the effects of its astringency, should drink tea soon after the water is poured over it. The really nutritive element of tea, the gluten, is thrown away with the leaves. The use of soda tends to bring out a trifle more of this element; but the South American native custom of eating the spent leaves, after the liquor is consumed, appears to be the best way of making sure of the gluten.

In conclusion, we give a translation of part of a lyric ode on tea which is painted on almost all the teapots of the empire. The author was famous as a lyrist, but his verses show a better acquaintance with the cook's than with the poet's art:—

"On a slow fire set a tripod. Fill it with clear snow water. Boil it as long as would be needed to turn fish white and crayfish red. Throw it upon the delicate leaves of choice tea (such, for instance, as the 'tea of the wells of the Dragons,' the purest Pekoe, from the leaf-buds of three-year-old plants, which no one ever sees in Europe) and let it remain as long as the vapour rises in a cloud. At your ease drink the pure liquor, which will chase away the five causes of trouble."

More poetical is the legend which tells the origin of the tea-plant. A drowsy hermit, after long wrestlings, cut off his traitorous eyelids and cast them on the ground. From them sprang a shrub, whose leaves, shaped like eyelids and bordered with a fringe of lashes, possessed the power of warding off sleep. This was in the third century, and the shrub was what now is tea.

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

It is always interesting to speculate on the early impressions which the social aspect of our country may produce in the mind of foreigners who visit it for the first time, and to compare those impressions with feelings such as we have ourselves experienced under similar conditions on the Continent. Making every allowance for the charm of novelty, which of course goes far to enhance a stranger's enjoyment on these

occasions, we cannot doubt that there is much in the external appearance of foreign life which possesses especial attractions for our countrymen. The first glimpse, for instance, which we get, after crossing the Channel, of such a watering-place as Dieppe, or such a city as Antwerp, fills us with a sense of what may be called eye-pleasure, which is utterly absent in our English provincial towns. The latter may be better paved, cleaner swept, and more expensively laid out than their French or Belgian rivals; but they are for the most part utterly wanting in one important element of architectural merit—viz., the picturesque. When we pass on to compare the capital of France with our own metropolis, a still wider difference is discernible, though from causes of another kind. Modern Paris is fast losing—if, indeed, it has not quite lost—the romantic interest which once attached to its *genius loci*. The quaint irregularly built streets, the overhanging corbelled stories and high-pitched gable-fronts which rise before us as we read, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and which lingered down to the days of Smollett, and even to our own time, have suddenly disappeared before the rapid and extensive improvements which are carried on under the present Government.

Any one who has traced on an old map of Paris the labyrinth of dark and narrow streets through which the Rue de Rivoli has boldly cut, or who can remember the former aspect of those quarters now intersected by the Boulevard Sébastopol, and other thoroughfares, will bear witness to the almost magical effect of a transformation which the antiquarian indeed may deplore, but which the social economist or the sanitary commissioner must view on the whole with satisfaction. The architecture of modern Paris is by no means all that a man of sound taste can approve. It is cold and formal in general effect. In detail it is sometimes garish, but more often simply uninteresting. The long unbroken line of cornice, window-range, or parapet, which presents itself to the eye in interminable perspective, becomes wearisome even in the widest and loftiest of streets. Yet, right or wrong, there is a uniformity of purpose, a character and completeness about the work which not only bears the impress of a national taste, but exhibits the influence of some direct and competent supervision. Unfortunately in England we can boast of no national taste in architecture, and the scheme on which our executive government is based, prevents anything like State interference regarding the design of buildings devoted to private enterprise or occupation. So every householder or merchant builds according to his own fancy, or rather, according to the fancy of the professional gentleman whom he employs to plan his villa or his warehouse. Of course we are now alluding to the best structures of each class. As for the myriads of cockney cottages, suburban streets, tawdry shop-fronts, and stuccoed terraces, which are rising up in the outskirts of London, they speak for themselves, and as long as people of humble means will insist on assuming the semblance of luxuries which they cannot really afford, vulgarities of design and structural deceits must prevail in this direction. But where there is no stint of means, where the work, if done at all, should, and might easily be done well, and where, under these conditions, we find taste neglected, and money thrown away, the result is indeed melancholy to contemplate. Perhaps the most consistent phase of modern street architecture in London is that which has appeared in connection with the West-end clubs. Yet these, as a rule, are but copies, and, not unfrequently, vitiated copies, of actual buildings illustrating a school of art which had never a footing in England until we had lost or degraded our own. The so-called Italian style—now understood to include every variety of Renaissance design which prevailed in Rome, Venice, and Florence, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century—has its aesthetic merits and its practical advantages. But they are merits and advantages which are unsuited to the age, to the climate, and to the country in which they are reproduced. It does not require the judgment of an accomplished connoisseur to perceive that mouldings and carved enrichments which look well under the glowing effect of a Venetian sky may appear tame and spiritless through the leaden atmosphere of London. We want in England a less refined and more nervous expression of architectural beauty—bold and sturdy features, which will hold their own against wind and rain and defy the smoke and traffic of our busy coal-burning towns. But it is not often that we can complain with any reason of undue refinement in our imitations of Italian architecture. Even those which are confessedly copied from old examples miss, either intentionally or through inaccurate workmanship, the delicacy of the original design. And, in too many instances, where our architects have ignored the value of precedent and struck out in a new line for themselves, the result has been hopelessly clumsy or *bizarre*. It is only by a long and careful

course of study, grafted on a naturally good and inventive taste, that these mistakes can be avoided on the part of the designer. And it is only by the well-directed and long-sustained efforts of designers that the British public will ever be brought to distinguish good from bad in modern architecture. Ignorant amateurs of the art may be divided into two classes—those who have a smattering of book lore on the subject and who think no building worth looking at which is not based on "authority," or, in other words, which is not copied from some existing work; and those who have a morbid craving after novelty at the expense of every other consideration, including that invaluable standard of architectural fitness which is supplied by common sense. It is to the first of these two classes that we are indebted for the encouragement and support of the pseudo-classicism with which, in the form of churches, clubs, and public institutions, London was deluged in the early part of this century. The tide of public favour has since set in an opposite direction; and while we willingly admit the laudable zeal with which Pugin and his followers endeavoured to revive old English architecture in this country, it is lamentable to reflect how many architects there are at present who perpetrate, under the general name of Gothic, monstrous designs which neither in spirit nor letter realize the character of mediæval art. In London these extraordinary ebullitions of uneducated taste generally appear in the form of meeting-houses, music-halls, and similar places of popular resort. Showy in their general effect, and usually overloaded with meretricious ornament, they are likely enough to impose upon an uninformed taste, which is incapable of discriminating between what Mr. Ruskin has called the Lamp of Sacrifice—one of the glories of ancient art—and the lust of profusion which is the bane of modern design. These extravagances are not confined to a perversion of Gothic. "Monster" hotels, railway stations, and other buildings of a type unknown to our forefathers, are decorated after a fashion, which is equally novel, and which has nothing but novelty to recommend it. In one of these remarkable edifices, stone ivy leaves, about twelve inches across and three inches thick, form the parapet wall of endless balconies. In another, blank windows have been used as a means of decoration, and colossal caryatides are introduced for the sake of inspiring a sense of dignity which is only modified when we discover that they are modelled in Portland cement. In another the principal dining-room is planned like an ancient basilica—a magnificent notion in the eyes of every one but the unfortunate gentleman who sits down to an early dinner, and can scarcely see the dish before him. But then most of these buildings are six or seven stories high, make up so many hundred beds, and are managed by a host who is so important a personage that you never see him at all! These facts, doubtless, enhance our respect for an establishment which, on a smaller scale, might be open to some criticism on the score both of personal convenience and artistic taste.

Some attempts at architectural display are occasionally made in the way of shop-fronts. But here a certain practical difficulty attends the designer. However elegant the superstructure may be, it has one drawback; it must rest on nothing, or, at least, apparently on nothing, the aim of every modern retail dealer being to expose his goods for sale behind a single sheet of plate-glass. In accordance with this object—for which no explanation can ever be given except that it is universal—iron columns are furtively introduced, and as carefully concealed by millinery, upholstery, or sometimes by craftily-contrived mirrors, so that when all is finished the upper portion of the building seems absolutely suspended in the air. Such conditions are not exactly fitted for ordinary treatment of design; yet the shop-front architect delights in ignoring them altogether, and in loading his upper stories with pediments, columns, niches, and cornices, just as if they stood on a basement as solid as that of the Pitti Palace. It seems astonishing that the old practice of turning a sound arch over every shop-window should have fallen into such disuse. Yet so seldom is this done, and so much does the objectionable practice of using iron columns and girders in such places prevail, that a block of newly-rebuilt shops at the west-end of Oxford-street is quite conspicuous as an exception—and a very creditable exception—to the general rule.

Of the dwelling-houses in London, little need be said. Those which have any pretension to architectural design are few in number, and lie chiefly in the neighbourhood of the parks or of the oldest west-end squares. But the ordinary residences of fashionable life—the mansions of Belgravia, Tyburnia, and Mayfair—are mere shells of brick and stucco, which present such a dreary appearance outside that one is surprised to find them palaces of comfort within.

CRITICAL MORALITY.

It cannot be considered a creditable growth of this present period of advanced civilization, that a man of undoubted genius and culture could be found to write, and a conventionally respectable publishing firm could venture to bring out a volume of poems which offers a greater outrage to morality, decency, and even good taste than any work we know of in the literature of any land or any time. A phenomenon of more disagreeable portent we cannot easily conceive. But we have all been in the habit of flattering ourselves that for every evil there is a remedy; and it may be argued that the bad effects of unrestrained publicity in this case may be counteracted by the severity of honest and fearless criticism, of the exercise of which the press of this country is fairly privileged to boast. To some extent, perhaps, such an argument is well founded; and we feel very hopeful, at least, that few critics will deal with the work we allude to in any other spirit. The author and the publishers of this work being actual living men, there is no violent improbability in the hypothesis that there are some other persons in the world who might be expected to read such a book with pleasure. If there were now in existence a paper like the *Satirist*, which, some thirty years ago, a certain number of persons could be found to write and to read, we can imagine it a not ungrateful task for the editor to serve up to his limited but appreciative public some of the spiciest extracts from Mr. Swinburne's "Poems." To parody a little the author's style, those swine-born swillers who swill from the troughs of the swine might relish any quantity of "thick and slab" fluid from that turbid and heavy-smelling Helicon. We should not have anticipated, however, that any one could be found among the reputable journalists and critics of to-day who would look through the volume without irrepressible feelings of indignation and disgust.

But what are we to think of one who begins his notice of the work in these terms,—"It is mere waste of time, and shows a curiously mistaken conception of human character, to blame an artist of any kind for working at a certain set of subjects rather than at some other set which the critic may happen to prefer. An artist, at all events an artist of such power and individuality as Mr. Swinburne, works as his character compels him. If the character of his genius drives him pretty exclusively in the direction of libidinous song, we may be very sorry, but it is of no use to advise him and to preach to him. What comes of discoursing to a fiery tropical flower of the pleasant fragrance of the rose or the fruitfulness of the fig-tree?" Our readers cannot fail to observe that this is a novel and original way of approaching the subject. Mr. Swinburne's blasphemies and lascivious brutalities are merely necessities of his genius. He is simply obedient to the law of his being, just like "a fiery tropical flower." The reviewer, we admit, does not hesitate to characterize in as strong language as need be used the offences against "decency, and dignity, and social duty," of which the poet is guilty; but the indictment, no matter how strongly worded, is quashed by the plea of necessity. Further, we are told that he even "deserves credit." For what? "For the audacious courage with which he has revealed to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of a schoolboy over the dirtiest passages in Lemprière." We would fain hope that such a state of the schoolboy mind is exceptional, otherwise Paterfamilias had better keep Lemprière out of his son's course of reading. We do not know, at any rate, that great criminals are apt to get any credit from the judge who tries them, for the "audacious courage" with which the crime has been perpetrated. The tone of the *Saturday Review's* criticism (for it is with that distinguished contemporary we are now dealing) cannot be better appreciated than by supposing the judge who tried, let us say, the late Mr. William Palmer, of Rugeley, to charge the jury something in this way:—"Gentlemen of the jury, it would be an unpardonable waste of your valuable time, and would argue in me a most mistaken conception of human character, to blame a scientific experimentalist of any kind for working at a certain set of subjects rather than at some other set which I myself may happen to prefer. A chemist, at all events a chemist of such power and individuality as the prisoner at the bar, works as his character compels him. If the character of his genius drives him pretty exclusively in the direction of toxicological experiments, we may be very sorry, but it is of use to advise and to preach to him. What comes of discoursing to a fiery tropical flower, &c.?"

Doubtless it will be said that if a judge, speaking in this tone, concluded his charge by calling on the jury to convict the prisoner of murder, and, on receiving their verdict to that effect, immediately sentenced him to be hanged, it would be

apparent that his opening remarks were grimly ironical. It is possible that the *Saturday Reviewer* meant to be ironical too, though in that supposition he seems to us to have managed his irony rather clumsily. But, in the progress of his notice, he commits offences against morality and decency only inferior in degree to those of Mr. Swinburne himself, and not at all different in kind. If it be bad to write and print, in the first instance, "dirty passages," the perusal of which can only act as incentives to, or indulgences of, a "feverish carnality," to transcribe and reprint such passages is clearly the next worst offence. This is just what the reviewer does. He earnestly exonerates himself from any suspicion of extreme squeamishness as to the sort of subjects treated in the work. "It is a good thing," he says, "to vindicate passion, and the strong and large and rightful pleasures of sense against the narrow and inhuman tyranny of shrivelled anchorites." He has no objection to "an attempt to revivify among us the grand old Pagan conceptions of joy." But, though he justly denounces the volume as "crammed with unspeakable foulnesses," and as presenting a poetic embodiment of many things that are "loathsome and horrible," he does not hesitate to copy and reproduce some of its grossest images, some of its most vividly prurient epithets. The moral and reformatory effect of this sort of criticism seems to us exactly on a par with the moral and reformatory effect of quack treatises on certain diseases, or of such institutions as Dr. Kahn's museum. It is quite possible, we think, to denounce vice with all adequate and necessary severity, without painting in strongly representative colours the vices denounced. Satirists like Juvenal have erred in times past to that extent, but we had hoped that a better taste had not only set in, but become established. The example, however, which we have now been discussing obliges us to alter that opinion. "Grand old Pagan conceptions" were natural things for the grand old Pagans themselves. But unless it should be thought desirable to establish a grand new Paganism among us (of which some *Saturday Reviewer* might become the *Flamen Dialis*), we, for our part, decidedly object to have such ideas "revivified" in the literature of our own country. Perhaps the protest comes too late. There is certainly too much of what is mildly described as sensuousness in some of our modern poetry. One need not be quite a "shrivelled anchorite" to desire a reformation in this respect. Perhaps, however, instead of the deplorable mischief such a work as Mr. Swinburne's is calculated to produce, it may have another and a happy effect. Instead of encouraging a discharge into the literature of the day of all the depraved thoughts and abominable desires which, even in the worst periods of human corruption, those who were given up to them have preferred to keep out of the light of day; instead of the establishment in England of a thermal school of poetry; instead of the revivification of a grand (and wicked) old Paganism, it is possible that the publication of a book so shamelessly immoral may excite wholesome reaction in public taste. Perhaps we may hope to find the sensational fictions of our literary Menkens displaced by such "unsullied pages" as Thackeray generously boasted of; perhaps the land of Shakespeare and Milton may still be ennobled by poetic genius, not, indeed, as great as theirs, but as elevated and as pure.

"KETMAN."

ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY has succeeded in penetrating through Central Asia, and travelling in other uncivilized and unchristian parts, by throwing off altogether his ordinary language and costume, and becoming for the time being a regular and accredited Dervish. How successful his disguise was all can tell who have read his travels. Arrived at Teheran, he lays aside his *incognito*, to the intense astonishment of the Persian public, who seemed to feel not a little jealous at the success of his elaborate deception. For, says our traveller naively, "KETMAN (the art of dissimulation allowed by Islam) is an art well known and diligently practised by Orientals; but it was to them something inconceivable that a European should excel them in it." There is something very charming in thus having the line drawn by one's religion: a fine field left for the blameless exercise of native mendacity, and yet a definite standard up to which you may lie, but beyond which the Islamite will not pass. The Court of Teheran would seem to avail themselves of *Ketman* to its fullest extent; for, says Arminius, "His Majesty the King lies and deceives his Ministers, and their excellencies repay him with the same coin. Inferior officials cheat the people, who in return cheat them. In that country every one lies, cheats, and swindles. Such conduct is withal regarded as the most

natural in the world; while a man who deals honestly by those with whom he has to do is looked upon as a fool or a madman." Here we are not in a position to appraise the value of Persian lies, nor to say where the permissive standard bars the way. But how shortsighted of the high-minded Islamite to suppose that he has an exclusive right in the lie in which the European does not share! We ought to tell him that in our dealings with society we also belong to the Great Ketman Company (Limited), though it would of course be invidious to give a list of the directors. Mr. Ruskin, in the anguish of seeing untruth about his path and about his bed—about his path, in plaster cornices and stucco flowers, and half the houses and churches which exist; and about his bed in the garlanded chintz upon his half-tester—gives us a very good list of the Ketman Company's effects in "the glistening and softly-spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself." Ketman is supposed to be the great patron of diplomatists, and the chief dictator of state manifestoes. It has always been so, and is so up to this hour, so that the King of Prussia, availing himself of its permission, informs the German Parliament, with great unction, that the war which has just been suspended "was a sacred struggle for the independence of the Fatherland," carried on by "a heroic army supported by few but faithful allies." In other words, he makes it appear that Prussia has been able by a tremendous effort to hurl back the wave of an unjustifiable invasion. Now if "Ketman" be the Islamite name for this, assuredly "Walker" is the corresponding Christian title. Ketman supplies the "official" accounts of railway accidents. "The 9.45 express, while running with its usual punctuality, met with a trifling accident near Smashton Junction. The engine, a powerful one recently repaired, from some unexplained cause, left the metals. Some of the passengers were a good deal shaken, and a slight escape of steam having taken place, a few received some surface scalds. The indefatigable manager was quickly on the spot." But the account cooked, is not quite the same as the account raw. For the former forgot to say that the punctuality of the train at Smashton was caused by its running up to and through the junction at a fearful pace to make up lost time, and that this also was the "unexplained cause" of that upset. Also the "official account" did not state that "recently repaired" meant a patch put on a weak boiler, which naturally gave way with the shock; and it should have added that the indefatigable manager brought nothing for the injured passengers, nor was able to organize any arrangements for their comfort. Ketman writes testimonials. How can it be otherwise? Like music which is written too low, and has above the stave the familiar 8va - - - to show it is to be interpreted a whole octave higher, so it would really appear as if it were necessary to do the converse here, and to write testimonials at least an octave too high, because by a sort of tacit yet universal acknowledgment of Ketman, people always read them off with the "usual allowance." Men who are candidates for any important situation, for which they have to collect testimonials, are invariably paralysed by the statement of their virtues and attainments. It is but fair to say that the other unsuccessful candidates bring also a list of their perfections, in which their morality and their intellect generally come in a dead-heat after a fine race. In the University of Oxford it is customary when a member of one college is candidate for a fellowship at another, that he should bring testimonials from his own college. Not so very long ago these were of the true flowery testimonial style—one we remember in particular, written by the head of the college himself, into which he infused a pensive melancholy at the thought of parting with this Admirable Crichton, whom he regretted circumstances had not given him for his own son. Then a great stride was made by a college of the highest standing, which was, instead of enlarging upon the charms of their own men, to furnish them merely with a testimony that their college knew nothing which should render them ineligible for a fellowship. At first it created great consternation, but things went on as before, giving a strong hint as to the amount of credit which had been given to the older style of testimonial.

Our doctor seems always to avail himself of the maximum amount of Ketman which is at all permissible. He looks at our tongue and feels our pulse, and then says something solemn about our mesenteric glands, and writes a prescription, which we peruse with the greatest earnestness the moment he has gone, hoping to find that baborate of bismuth, or some beautiful salt, is the specific for the mesenteric glands. No; he has given us eight ozs. of water, a pinch of potash, a dash of ammonia, and some chloric ether. It would not hurt a kitten in all feline probability, and it certainly cannot do the

least harm to us. He has not an idea what is the matter with us, and if he had said so to us and others, he probably would not now be in his neat green brougham. Yet, generally, doctors treat us very well, and often cure us as much by Ketman as by chemistry; but for a permitted art of dissimulation, sanctioned by law and dedicated to thirty million fools in the United Kingdom and other fools elsewhere, commend us to patent medicines. What a perfect Islamite must the great Maria have been or be, who, by a delicious diet of Somebody's Split-pea Compound, was cured of "fifty years indescribable anguish from asthma, bronchitis, croup, delirium tremens, eczema impetiginosum, fits, gout, hay fever," and so through several alphabets! How confiding, too, is an advertisement of some elixir or other, which, from containing phosphate of soda, must prove an invaluable boon to the nervous or dyspeptic. The same great power sets up in Messrs. Bait & Trapper's plate-glass window, "This splendid Lyons silk mantle, 39s. 6d.;" but it also fills a drawer in the shop with "the identical article that you see in the window, madam." Leave the shop, ladies, before they have time to get rude, for it is, indeed, a sorry case of disputed identity between the mantle made to tempt, and the mantle made for sale. One may ask why Ketman flourishes so luxuriantly, and one finds it to be the case that society has quite got to expect it, and to want it. It is not only that it flourishes because it is unscrupulous, and never loses a chance, nor fails to take an advantage. It is no mere Ishmaelite, with its hand against every man; on the contrary, it is courted and liked, and would be sorely missed. As of old: *Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur*; the people want to be deceived, so let them be deceived. So the wise Bacon says:—"Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl that sheweth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or a carbuncle that sheweth best in various lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." If Arminius Vámbéry disguised himself as a Dervish, and practised the inimitable art of lying, so are there thousands still who delight in disguise. One man carefully appears before his friends as the moody cynic, when he is quite a merry grig, and as domestic as a cat; another plays the part of a word-and-blow despot, who dare not dispute his wife's opinion; or a young lady may affect the most delicate appetite before the world, and pick at her dinner like Amina the ghoul at the grains of rice, but our young friend can make a savage assault on a leg of mutton earlier in the day. It must be true; the lie is not unmixed with pleasure. Our very wine merchant's name, being a German, is Kettmann; he is of a house in Hamburg, from whence also cometh his sherry, that chemical transmutation of the waters of the Elbe; yet we like to have something from him called Amontillado sherry, at 26s. even though we know what it is. We like to get the prospectus of the Ketman Slate Quarries Company, and to know that the directors guarantee a dividend of 10 per cent. It is evident even to our mean capacity that it is humbug; but we like it, and we take shares, and naturally lose most of our money. Let us never hope, in our wildest ideas of reformation, that the social Ketman will ever be tabooed. Conceive the chaotic mass to which society would be reduced! Hear the smiling maid-servant at your friend's villa saying, "Yes, sir, mistress is at home; but she has seen you coming up the drive, and doesn't want the trouble of entertaining you." Or tear open the note of a conscientious friend and read—"We were in great fear we should have had to accept your invitation, but we have been able to scrape a few friends together, so we shan't come," which, being translated back into the degenerate language of to-day, is—"We regret that an engagement at home prevents our accepting your kind invitation." We have come to this: we could not do without our European dervishes, political, ecclesiastical, and social; we should miss our patent medicines, their astounding success, and their staggering promises; we should lament over the loss of cheap sherry and penny cigars; we should find ourselves suffering from the celebrated metaphysical disease of Wordsworth—"the blank misgivings of a creature wandering about in worlds unrealized." Perhaps some day, when we all become very good, when there is no thieving because everybody has got all he wants, and no war because the guns and ships have become so big that nobody can fire the former, and the latter have all come to a "lock," and stopped all traffic on the ocean, then the effects of the great Ketman Company (Limited) may be sold "for the benefit of those whom it may concern." And perhaps our descendant who will be present at the sale will have a queer lot of used-up humbugs knocked down to him. Lot 656. The copyright and all existing copies of lithographed sermons, the Auricomus fluid, chignons, the universal pill, the Admiralty, footmen's calves, pocket boroughs, the Brothers

Davenport's cabinet, Mr. Home's concertina, and a few other useful and curious articles. Till that day comes, we shall not share in the astonishment of the people of Teheran that the art of Ketman was practised among Europeans.

A WORD FOR "CRAM."

MUCH of late years has been said in disparagement of "Cram," the condemnation of which by examining dons and education commissioners has raised a prejudice against the thing not altogether reasonable. No doubt there is a mischievous cram which helps thieves into sheepfolds they were better kept out of; but it does not therefore follow that the operation in its other forms, is an unmitigated evil. It is hardly fair to hold up "coaches" to universal contempt, as if they were a class of people who were engaged in a dishonest occupation, and were frustrating instead of advancing education. The fact is, that there is a good and a right cram as well as a bad one, which, in the present age, the world cannot do without, and which often produces the happiest results. If, instead of yielding to the popular prejudice, one examines the matter carefully, he will find that he is a good man, intellectually speaking, who can stand a good cram, and that none but the good can bear one. The idea implies capacity; and where capacity is there cram can be; and where it is not, cram, in its perfection at least, is impossible. We may feel sure that Aristotle, for instance, when he was a youth, would have borne an enormous gorging had there been coaches in his day to prime him. But a judicious gentleman of this class would have taken a very different course with him from that on which he relies when mere passmen are in his hands. He would have rested his cram on the basis of sound knowledge. The same remark applies, in its degrees, to all intellectual gladiators, who are annually led up in good fighting condition to their respective combats. It is easy to raise an ignorant outcry against the abuses of the practice; but it is nevertheless certain that no high university distinction was ever won without cram. The very dons who have climbed into university fame and comfort did so by its aid, and education commissioners who never climbed into anything of the kind failed because they were incapable of it. No senior wranglership was ever won without it; for how else could the aspiring candidate face the endless array of mathematical formulæ which he must commit to memory? The same holds good of the classical and moral triposes, and the grammatical distinctions and various renderings of passages in the former, and the countless opinions on moral questions in the latter, which must be packed tight into the mind. In fact, the question, whether cram is necessary or not for these trials of mental strength is the same as whether memory is necessary. A competitive examination is a test of ability and attainments; but the candidate comes up to it weighted with the latter to an extent never required of him afterwards in life. Like a railway bridge in the hands of the Government surveyor, he is subjected to a strain greater than is necessary for the traffic he is intended for. In the outcry raised against cram, it is forgotten that these trials strain both intellect and memory out of their normal condition. The candidate is young and unripe in knowledge. He is to be tried over a large field, on most points of which he must be prepared; and consequently he must collect his powers for the greatest effort of which he is capable. The training he goes through is not unlike that required for the great national boat-race. The struggle once over, there is a recoil; the vent-holes of the brain open, and let loose the pent-up ideas which rush into empty space like the storms of Eolus, and victors and vanquished relapse into a state of glorious indifference to all knowledge. But the effort could not have been made without cram, which is to the wrangler, or other prizeman, the same putting on of strength that the storing up of muscle and wind is to the champion in the aquatic racecourse or prize-ring. But this beneficial mind-packing must be carefully distinguished from sham crams, the confounding of which with it has led to much random talk about the matter. The truth is, that there are several senses in which the word is used, and only by distinguishing can correct notions on the subject be obtained. Three kinds may be enumerated, of which it can be shown that one is really good, another decidedly bad, while the third is harmless, or at worst a necessary evil. On the good kind we have already said all we have to say. Cram of that kind cannot be held up to public ridicule as mischievous without involving in the same ruin and contempt all competitive examinations, and every lecture delivered from a professorial chair in the kingdom. But on what kind of food does the decidedly bad

cram flourish? In our opinion, on idlers and dullards. There are two classes of candidates at every competitive examination. These are the clever but idle, and the dull but diligent. What course can a coach take with these. It can hardly be expected that human nature will send away in such cases the grist that comes to its mill; besides, it would be cruel, and might be a hasty prejudging of their case were he to refuse them services which they desire. The first possesses capacity, but has not allowed himself time for a sound cram; the second is early in the field, but is dreadfully leaky. It is clear but one course can be taken—to trust to fortune, to study the peculiarities of each examiner, make a lucky guess in selecting a score or two of likely questions, and then cram these, *rudis indigestaque moles*, into the clever, and hammer them unceasingly into the obtuse ones, in the hope that among many blanks a prize may turn up. Of course it is not an honest way of winning a good appointment for life, but everything in this world is not won honestly. The coach and the coachee can at least soothe their consciences by the reflection that their way is as honest at least as the purchase of a next presentation to a fat benefice with immediate possession, or as the purchase of the command of one of her Majesty's regiments, or as nepotism. Good coin has spurious imitations, and the winning of a competitive prize is not always to be tested on the touchstone of merit. The whole thing is a trick and sometimes succeeds, but at best is a poor thing to rely on. One advantage, however, on the side of the honest candidate is, that in all examinations of the higher kinds, such as those for university distinctions, the India Civil Service, and Woolwich, it is in the powers of the examiners to reduce success from such tricks to such a bare possibility, that it would not be worth a candidate's while to venture on them. The device, however, is completely foiled by the change introduced a year ago into the India Civil Service Examinations, by which a certain number of marks are cut off in all cases as an allowance for cram.

From all this it is evident that, in the higher examinations, cram is not so powerful for mischief as has been supposed; the subjects are too extensive, and the ability required to master them too high, to give shallow coaching much chance. But, in the minor examinations, such as those for Sandhurst, the Home Civil Service, and the Line, the reverse is the fact. Here the packing of crude and fragmentary knowledge into shallow vessels has an enormous influence on the final award; cram revels in a rich harvest, and the coach is supreme. The figure of the latter driving his passengers, four in hand, through the examination, holds true in frightful reality. And the reason is obvious. The standard of examination being low, and the questions elementary, running in a definite number of fixed grooves, the coach is prepared on every point. His line is not too much extended: he can bring up reserves to fill every gap, and by his able strategy hammer and cram will often succeed in defeating the best men prepared on the basis of sound knowledge. He collects and classifies every question that has been asked within time immemorial, observes and registers the laws of their fluctuations and recurrences; and thus armed with a powerful statistics, and knowledge of the idiosyncrasy of each examiner, he can foretell the turn of a coming examination as truly as the meteorologist forecasts the weather. If, then, mischievous cram be that which frequently succeeds in putting the wrong man into the right place, here it is to be found in perfection. But the misfortune is that here also it is most difficult to devise a means of counteracting its baleful influence. But there remains the third or harmless cram. In kind it is similar to that we have been just noticing, but it takes a much lower range of attainments. It is altogether a creation of the necessities of university life, and might very appropriately be called the "passman's cram." To him it is the alpenstock by which, picking his way through the oft-recurring dangers of a "pluck," he climbs to the distinction of a university degree with the minimum amount or exercise of brain. The standard of attainments required is the lowest possible consistent with the name of knowledge; else the Houses of Parliament might be left without learned members, and the Church without clergy. The universities could not get on without it. It is well known that a large number of young gentlemen enter these ancient institutions having no other object in view but to spend a pleasant time, enjoy cricket and boating, and take a degree, caring all the while not a fig for knowledge. To enforce a severe curriculum of study on young men of property, who mean to get through the world without working their brains, would be simply ridiculous. The result would be an immediate emptying of the universities to the great pecuniary loss and damage of the dons. A compromise then is unavoidable, and in fact has tacitly been effected. The

educational *status* of a university is, to use an expression of old Hobbes's, "a state of war," and "passman's cram" is the mediator that makes peace between the fewer dons and the more numerous obtuse and idle students. A happy balance through its agency is struck; the student tenderly allowed his degree, and the don punctually paid his fees. The undergraduate is helped up the ladder, enjoying his cricket and boating, the while he pays his way like a gentleman, gets his degree, and leaves his university with the proud consciousness that he brought some knowledge into it, but generously carried none away. We call this "harmless cram;" it does not injure education, for no education was intended; it injures no rival, for in a pass examination every candidate may be successful, unless, indeed, he be a most unmitigated dunce or idler. The cram that does so much good, mediates so happily, can hardly be an evil; but, if it be such, it is a necessary evil, and should be tolerated by society.

VILLAGE FEASTS AND WAKES.

WITH the wasps, midges, bluebottles, and other summer and autumn pests of the country and disturbers of rural felicity, the unsung Auburns and all those other villages that, according to the artistic and poetic vision bestowed upon them, appear as the loveliest of the plain, are visited by the annual infliction of those modern saturnalia called feasts and wakes. With a pedigree of some fifteen centuries to boast of, these parochial celebrations have so fallen from their high estate that the original purport of their institution would seem to have been totally forgotten. The venerable crown of hoar antiquity has not preserved them from degradation and contempt; and, in the lapse of time, they have become more changed and unlike their former selves than could have been contemplated by any author of the most extravagant theory of development. The development, however, has been by an inverse process; and, instead of the uncultured brute being advanced to the status of the civilized man, the rational being has been degraded to the low requirements and habits of the brute. Without claiming a higher pedigree for the village feast we may content ourselves with ascribing its rise, or rather, its secured position, to the time of Constantine. For it was at that critical period of ecclesiastical history that the dedication service on the consecration of a church was not only composed of special petitions, based on the Biblical precedents of the prayers and psalms used at the dedications of Solomon's temple, David's house, and the walls of Jerusalem, but received increased splendour from ceremonies and imposing processions. And the remembrance of this solemn day was sought to be perpetuated by a religious festival that was annually held on the anniversary of the church's dedication; and, consequently, on the day which was marked in the calendar with the name of the apostle, saint, or martyr, in whose name the church had been dedicated to God. In the services of the day the deeds of such holy person received special commemoration, and, in certain instances, were pertinently brought before the congregation by the aid of local history and legend; such was especially the case with regard to those martyrs who had met their death wrapped in robes of fire, or by some other cruel end, on or near the very spot where the walls of the rude church were raised. In fine, the day was kept as a sort of birthday of the parish church; and the village feast was the religious celebration of that feast or festival of the saint or holy person after whom the sacred building had been called. Such was the original institution and design of the village feast; and it is to an unfortunate concession to custom made by Gregory the Great that its decline may be traced; for he it was who opened the door through which trooped the revellers, who at once changed the sacred character that had hitherto marked the festival, and, by swift degrees, lowered it to that degenerate and godless keeping of the church feast, that, with but few exceptions, obtains at the present day. He permitted the Anglo-Saxon converts to Christianity to celebrate their yearly festival by supplementing its religious services with those eatings and drinkings to which they had grown accustomed in their heathen state, and had learned to look upon as an integral portion of sacrificial worship; and, that they might do this the more conveniently, he allowed them to build around the churches booths in which they could carouse with their friends. The new element thus introduced into the feast caused it gradually to assume a character that became less and less distinctive of a religious festival. The carnal portion was suffered to obscure the spiritual; and passing through various mutations, the feast lapsed farther and farther from its primal

purpose until it eventually sank to its present degradation, in which the pious exercises of the feast have given place to the drunken revels of the wake. Indeed, if we may accept Spelman's definition, "wake" is not so termed from the Saxon word that signifies the keeping awake through the night, but from that other Saxon word which means drunkenness. And even if both these definitions failed before the archaeological and radical tests to which such nomenclatures might be subjected, yet they unfortunately apply with but too much truth to the modern feast or wake, which is a feast for drunkenness that keeps awake all the night. Like as the love-feasts of the primitive Christians became degraded to the Whitsun-ales of the seventeenth century, so, from the Gregorian *Encœnia* and church-feasts—the German *Kyrrchweiches*, from which we get the word church-wake—we are rudely carried to the modern village feast and wake. It is not a whit improved (but, rather, in the downward tendency of bad things, has sunk to slimier depths) from that condition which, a generation since, it presented to the artistic eyes of Wilkie, when he painted that picture of "The Village Festival" which is one of the gems of our national collection, and which numberless engravings have familiarized to all the world. And, what must other nations think of our English customs from this representation of a village feast or wake? Somewhat, probably, as Hamlet thought of the King's "wake," and of the "heavy-headed revel" with which it was accompanied, and which made them to be "traduced and taxed of other nations," and noted as drunkards. The observant Scotch painter certainly struck the right nail on the right head when he made drinking and drunkenness the leading features of his village festival. Early as it is in the day, one lout has already succumbed to his potent enemy, and is stretched dead-drunk in the mud by the horse-trough; while the "principal figure of the principal group," as the painter himself designated him, is the smock-frocked sot whom the anxious wife is endeavouring to lead away home, and to rescue from his dangerous companions. And yet Wilkie painted the festival in its earlier stage; for he probably knew and felt that if he had selected for his picture a representation of that later period of midnight when the drunkenness and coarse revelry would be at its height, or that still later period of early dawn, when the sodden dregs of the feast were to be seen in all their vileness, his subject would have been too coarse and repulsive even for the pencil of the modern Hogarth. All reference to the Apostle, Saint, or Martyr, on whose day the feast is presumably held, has long since dropped into an oblivion that has certainly not proceeded from any ultra-Puritanical notion as to the "Popish" observance of Saints' days; and no festival of a Saint would now be kept as the village feast, unless the day should opportunely fall within the warmer portion of the year, and should, moreover, adjust itself to the claims of local convenience. For village feasts are usually held in groups; neighbouring parishes accommodating each other in these particulars. The items of the several groups, it is needless to say, lie in closer contiguity than do the scattered towns in the proposed "groups" of the Reform Bill; and, within the radius of ten miles, there may be found the opportunity of taking part in nearly an equal number of feasts. Thus, if A has its feast on the first Sunday in the month, its northerly neighbour, B, would hold its feast on the second Sunday; its southerly neighbour, C, on the third Sunday, and its eastern and western neighbours, D and E, on the two following Sundays. And, although this geographical arrangement is utterly opposed to the strict calendaring of their patron Saint, yet it conveniently provides for the prevention of any such clashing of feasts as might disable the villagers from being in two places at once, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird. At present, the only nominal connection that the village feast has with the ecclesiastical purposes of its creation is on the supposition that it is held on the Sunday. But what is popularly called Feast Sunday is merely the introduction to the feast, or, rather, it is a continuation of the feast, which begins on the previous evening and culminates on the Monday, which is the real feast-day. On the Saturday afternoon, it is the custom in certain districts to "claim the feast," as it is called, which is merely an excuse for assembling at the public-house for an evening's booze; but the liquor consumed at the claiming of the feast is not, as might be supposed, either wholly or partly the gift of the landlord, whose annual gratuity to his customers is reserved for Plough Monday.

When the feast has been claimed on the Saturday and duly drank in, it passes to its second stage of Feast Sunday, on which day friends and neighbours from surrounding places pour into the village, and there is, possibly, a larger attendance than usual at the parish church. Most certainly there is a larger

attendance than usual at the parish public-house during the licensed hours, and, all through the evening, it is the centre of attraction and the focus for all loungers, down to the youngest children. The Feast Sunday at St. Catherine's, near Guildford, is distinguished by the very appropriate, though terribly incongruous epithet of "Tap-up Sunday," on which day, and also on the following Sunday, an old charter has given permission to the publicans of the place to draw beer for its sinners throughout the whole day, irrespective of any law as to the hours of divine worship. The disgraceful scenes of lawlessness and outrage that were witnessed on Tap-up Sunday three years ago, will scarcely have been forgotten by our readers; and although they were exceptional in their peculiar nature, yet they were nevertheless characteristic of that black-guardism and degradation which, at the present day, so universally stamp the village feast. But the full flower of the feast is not allowed to bloom on that day "which comes between the Saturday and Monday," but has its efflorescence reserved for the Monday. Then the booths of Gregory of Great reappear in their nineteenth-century forms, adorned with toys and gingerbread, nut targets and Aunt Sallies. Modern followers of Autolycus, who, like their famous original, "haunt wakes," also attend to ply their trade, beginning with illegitimate methods, and in a sly way, on the Sunday evening. Questionable, or rather unquestionable, characters swarm in from their various haunts in the vicinity. The farm-servants, both male and female, also arrive; for when they are hired for their twelvemonth's service, it is a part of the agreement that they shall be allowed to attend the feast. The labourers also flock to the scene; the scraping of a fiddle is heard, succeeded by the heavy clatter of hobnails, as Hodge performs an astonishing *pas-seul*, and extends a free invitation to "any young 'oman" to take him for a partner. Then succeeds a wild scene of drinking, dancing, singing, swearing, fighting, and worse things beside, which, if they do not afterwards crop up in the police reports, have nevertheless left their mark and their stain, and assisted to contribute their share to that foul blot on village purity—the Village Feast.

THE BRITISH LEVITE.

THE mythic parish-clerk who divided the clergy into "Oxford gentlemen who wore a red bag at their back and said A-men, and Cambridge gentlemen who wore a white bag and said Aw-men," would find at the present day that his division was far from exhaustive. He would detect now a sub-variety in his species, and the contraction of the silken appendage into more cowl-like form would enable him to prognosticate with tolerable certainty the quarter whence might be expected the most prevailing theological breezes. And not only would "decent tippets" of various hues further perplex the parochial mind, unenlightened as to St. Aidan and St. Bees, but he would become aware of clergy clad in vestments stiff and resplendent as the attire of a king-at-arms, who give rise to speculation amongst those better informed than himself whether or no such ecclesiastical Rouge Dragons must not be necessarily connected with the Scarlet Lady. A feeling appears to be arising that the old familiar insignia of the clergy will more and more disappear, not only on account of a growing desire in some clerical quarters to supplant the "fair white surplice," *simplex munditiis*, by an elaborate apparatus of greater splendour, and garments "all gleaming with purple and gold," but from the wearers of the well-known symbols of a university education showing an increasing distaste for entering the clerical order. Men, it is said, conscious of their own powers, shrink from an occupation in which it is not necessary to be clever; in which St. Paul and Bishop Butler, Athanasius and Augustine, were somewhat out of place, John Chrysostom and Jeremy Taylor but needless ornaments. Their cultivated minds withdraw from a calling in which acquirements are valueless, and leave the field open to the "literate," who, once sighing vainly for the master's hood, now consoles himself with the "cope, richly embroidered with pansies," which Mother Church, like another Ophelia, is ready to bestow,—"There is pansies; that's for thoughts."

Personal piety fared but ill in the Middle Ages in the outer-world. In those rough, rude times, men indulged in free conversation on topics now unmentionable, and as their sayings so were their doings. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? was consequently a question which one man and another asked himself in those days, and satisfactorily answered in the negative. Such a questioner saw but one method of maintaining purity, but one harbour of refuge from the storm around him—"a religious life." Whether it was such

is another question. But the harbour seemed well land-locked: it was overlooked that the storm might roll in even by the narrow entrance—a contingency which the Spanish proverb of to-day presents under another aspect in the assertion that the devil can hold on by the vicar's skirts even though his reverence climbs into the pulpit. So the "religious" man, in our modern sense of the word, betook himself in those days to the life of a recluse, and became, in a meaning with which our ears are less familiar, a "religious." Whether time galloped or crept with him, matins and compline and vespers filled up his day somehow, and for the matter of that his night also, and the din of the world outside his cloister was drowned in the cadences of tones plagal and authentic. If such a one ceased to do much practical good in the world in which his lot had been cast, he was at least conspicuous by his absence. He uttered a silent protest, shook the dust off his feet, and departed. This old mediæval notion of the nature of a religious life has had its modern counterpart. Men, recoiling from the life of the barrack or the gun-room, have fled from the sound of holystone into Holy Orders; her Majesty's commission has been exchanged for the Bishop's licence, and curt admonitions to their company for the milder enunciation of "dearly beloved!" The motive for the change has not much varied, though the date of the century which witnessed it may have altered. Holy Orders have seemed to one man to open the only door for doing good; to another the only means of enabling him to deliver a message with which he felt burdened; to a third, the most favourable circumstances for nourishing the individual religious life. Individuals have arrived at correct decisions though the axiom on which they acted has been erroneous as a general rule. Educated men are now holding back from the clerical profession, discouraged by the pecuniary prospect before them, and by the feeling that their education is at a discount, while a religious life appears as practicable in a lay as in any other position. Men, on the contrary, who desert other callings to take Holy Orders, do so under the persuasion that their personal piety is a sufficient make-weight for the lack of every other professional requirement. At this juncture, when the influence of the Church of England is said to be on the wane, owing to the deterioration of the mental and social stamp of her clergy, the Archdeacon of London lays a novel proposal before the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archdeacon sees no hindrances, except such as admit of comparatively easy removal, in the way of the country gentleman, the banker, the merchant, the trader, those who have served in the army and navy, lawyers and physicians, becoming deacons. The statute law, indeed, forbids persons in Holy Orders to trade; one canon requires a profession of faith to be made by the candidate in Latin; another, that no bishop should ordain a deacon unless an ecclesiastical stipend was forthcoming. But the statute law is not unalterable; the second obstacle, even if left untouched, might not prove insurmountable to the classes selected; and the third prohibition, if not openly disregarded, is even now not unfrequently tacitly set aside. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. Since the old shafts are becoming unproductive, and threaten "to give out," the Archdeacon proposes to drive a fresh adit, and, if possible, strike a new lode. His scheme points out a quarter whence might be obtained an educated, an influential, a socially recognised, an unpaid, and possibly a zealous body of clergy. But a lower order they are to remain. No pleasant rectory, no snug vicarage, no house in the precincts or the close is to loom in the future before their eyes. These things are to remain, as heretofore, for the possessors of powerful friends, the relatives of patrons, or those happy individuals whom bishops are wont to gather round them on the principle of natural selection. Yet the navigation of the ecclesiastical vessel might present some difficulties when a body of men who esteemed themselves as well qualified as her chief officers were summarily dismissed before the mast. The social changes involved in the removal of the impediments alluded to, might, if any considerable number of persons of the classes indicated sought the clerical office, become considerable. The position occupied would not be that of the Nonconformist deacon, who is chiefly a secular officer, nor yet that of the Wesleyan class-leader. "Contrived a double debt to pay," the counting-house might claim them in the morning and the cottage lecture at night, while a Janus-like aspect would rest upon the individual who could be regarded either as the parson or the attorney.

An outgoing rector, moreover, who wished to provide for what he considered the continuance of sound doctrine, might contrive to seriously embarrass his successor by previously procuring the ordination of a local deacon of influential position.

The new comer would be unable to undo the act, and, besides the usual difficulties about dilapidations, would have to accept, whether he would or no, the presence of a possibly uncongenial ecclesiastical fixture. Retired members, again, of either branch of her Majesty's service are rather apt, when they devote themselves to religious activity, to be carried away by an excess of zeal. Whether a quasi-reverent status would render them more useful in the school-room, the district, or the committee-room of the charitable society, is an open question. It is possible now for the clergyman, if unable to restrain, at least to disown the ill-advised proceedings of his coadjutors; but were they raised to a position professional as his own, the proceeding would become more difficult. To secure the co-operation of the laity with the clergy is undoubtedly desirable, but it is questionable whether the construction of a composite order is a step in the right direction. In early days, in order to pursue a higher calling, Peter withdrew from his leading partnership, and Matthew from his bank-parlour among the Publicans. It is the misfortune of our day to consider that "they didn't know everything down in Judea," but at least Apostolic opinion appears to have been unfavourable to clerical "half-timers."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Irish Master of the Rolls died this week. T. B. C. Smith was a famous name during the O'Connell agitation, and O'Connell, who knew the value of ridicule in controversy, dubbed his antagonist "Alphabet" Smith, from the unusual number of his initials. At one time Smith challenged the "Liberator," but the affair never came off. While Attorney-General the late Master was a man of considerable power, but of extreme irascibility. As a judge, he was painstaking, and gave general satisfaction. To the Bar, however, his manner was altogether bearish; while towards solicitors he was severe to an amusing, and in some respects, a serviceable degree. He has frequently said during the progress of a case when documents put in evidence were not forthcoming, "If the solicitor who has the carriage of this proceeding does not produce these exhibits on to-morrow, I shall strike him off the Rolls," whereupon his Honour would bang the desk to emphasize the threat. He had a kind of formula with which he regularly opened his decisions, and which ran thus:—"I never in the whole course of my career knew a suit so mismanaged or so badly advised as this," and then he would go on fairly enough to dissect and review the subject, having first sacrificed an attorney or a barrister—he preferred a junior, but occasionally did not spare the silk gown—to his disposition. His recent tirade against the Ecclesiastical Commissioners was delivered with a vehemence which would be thought singular in this country, but his opinions were fully justified by the nature of the case. On the whole, he was a good lawyer, and filled his office with an ability the recollection of which will set his successor to the task of reaching a very high standard to equal. The Conservatives have been singularly fortunate as to legal posts; we trust they will exercise a firm and a wise discretion in conferring one so important as that which has now fallen into their hands.

THE ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer had a narrow escape from accident to life and limb on Monday night last. The right hon. gentleman, with Mrs. Gladstone, has been staying at Hagley Hall, Worcestershire, on a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton. On Monday, they drove from Hagley to Shakenhurst, near Cleobury, to dine with Mr. Wicksted. Two relays of post-horses were provided from Stourbridge for the heavy family-carriage, which had proceeded safely on its way back to Hagley, as far as Spring Grove, between Bewdley and Kidderminster, when the post-boy—who is believed to have been tipsy—contrived to take the carriage off the road and overturn it. It fell a distance of between three and four feet, and found a lodgment among some kidney-beans. This was between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Lyttelton, and a son and daughter. We are happy to state that beyond a severe shaking to which their complete *bouleversement* had subjected them, no one of the party sustained any particular injury; and they were enabled to walk more than a mile, to Summer-hill, the residence of the Rev. T. L. Claughton, Vicar of Kidderminster, where they remained until measures could be adopted for the carrying out of their interrupted journey. Mr. Gladstone will now be able to sympathize with Mr. Lowe, and will agree that the atmosphere of the Blakebrook environs of the town of carpets is somewhat deleterious to Liberal statesmen.

Is punctuality a virtue impossible to railway trains? The directors bind themselves not to start them before the hours appointed, but they will not bind themselves to start them at those hours. Why not? In a majority of fatal railway accidents the trains have been late, and it is obvious that this tends to create confusion amongst the signal-men, and to increase the peril of railway travelling. On Friday week, and on Sunday and Saturday last, accidents occurred, one of which is recorded as a "miraculous escape;" another is called, "an alarming accident;" and the third, a "fatal collision." In all these the trains were late. In the last case, on the London and Brighton line, the train from London to Portsmouth was twenty minutes behind its time in starting, and the train it ran into, the up-train, was also late. In the accident on Sunday, on the Malton and Whitby Railway, the train was several hours late. There was some excuse in this case, because the general traffic had been thrown out by the Volunteer review at York. But the *Times* publishes letters daily, complaining of the want of railway punctuality. As a rule, companies can be punctual when they choose. Ought not the remedy to be applied in this case which is directed in the case of those who can sing but won't sing?

THE guardians of the Hendon Union, having given the master of the workhouse orders not to receive able-bodied casuals into the casual ward, that zealous officer last week refused admittance to a woman who had only three weeks before been delivered of a child she was carrying in her arms. At the time she was sent away there was room for thirty-two casuals; but the master set her down as able-bodied, and she had to sleep in a barn. The next morning the child was dead. They have odd notions of charity, these Hendon guardians. Their master confessed, that during the present year he had refused admittance to hundreds of casuals, even during the falling of rain!

PASSING through Oxford-street on Wednesday last, we noticed a new kind of musical instrument, the performer upon which we recommend to the attention of "Xylophone" admirers. It consisted of neither more nor less than a coffee-pot, and after whistling a fantasia through the spout, the coffee-pot Paganini poured a liquor out of the organ as like the beverage it was intended to represent, at least, as the sounds he produced resembled music.

IN the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday last a writer undertakes to correct the general opinion that Voltaire was an atheist. He does it by giving a French quotation from the chief contributor to the "Philosophical Dictionary," and then adds, "But who will say, after this, that Voltaire did not believe in God? It would as reasonable to say that a boy with a mouthful of newly-got sugar-plums *did not believe in the sweet-stuff man*." The paragraph altogether is very neat, the selected passage consisting of one of the filthiest of Rochester's sayings turned into French by Voltaire. The simile of the "sweet-stuff man" is about as impudently irreverent a phrase as ever we read, and an uncommonly stupid one.

MASTERS in the navy find that there is something in a name. According to the evidence of H. D. Sarratt, R.N., taken before a committee appointed to examine into matters connected with them, it appears that ladies, especially Liverpool ladies, mistake the position for that of the schoolmaster. It is curious enough that the office of education is socially beneath that of navigating a ship. However, the masters are useful officers, and if the title under which they sail at present puts them into the north of a Liverpool lady's opinion, it ought to be changed. We know they are subjected to various unpleasantnesses. Captains and lieutenants generally tolerate the surgeon, treat the chaplain with an easy politeness, snub the master, and will barely recognise the engineer on shore. The sailing, the fighting, and the navigating departments have all their little jealousies, which, being confined for exercise to a very narrow space indeed, often renders a man-of-war a microcosm of snobbery.

WE have read an account of the Prince of Wales at Goodwood worthy of Jenkins at his best. Jenkins heard every word his Royal Highness said to Lord Westmoreland, to Mr. Chaplin, the Duke of Beaufort, and mentions what he might have heard from Lord William Lennox if Lord

William Lennox had only spoken it. "Great," he goes on, "was the enthusiasm of the public when, in the most unostentatious manner, the heir to the Throne—may the event that will place him on it be very far distant—mounted the roof of the well-appointed drag of the Master of the Horse to her Majesty, and enjoyed his *al fresco* lunch." Jenkins waved his hat certainly, or went down on his knees perhaps, when the Prince filled his wine-glass or broke a pie crust, but that the general public received either of those events with "great enthusiasm" we may be permitted to doubt. It is one thing to be loyal and another to behave like an idiot simply because the Prince of Wales takes up his knife and fork. "Jenkinism should be suppressed; it belongs to another era.

ANTWERP has been the scene of a tremendous conflagration. It broke out on Friday, the 10th, and continued for some days, destroying property to the amount, it is roughly calculated, of from £200,000 to £300,000—property on which most of the London fire offices have large insurances. The fire commenced in some merchants' warehouses close to the quay, in what is known as the commercial neighbourhood of Antwerp. In the basements of these warehouses were extensive ranges of vaults, filled with thousands of barrels of petroleum, which soon caught the flames, and led to a series of dreadful explosions, throwing down many of the houses by the mere concussion, and breaking the brickwork of the sewers, so that the liquid fire ran along the underground passages, and found its way into many houses which might otherwise have escaped the conflagration. Of course, in addition to the destruction of property, several lives have been lost. The calamity is one which should be seriously considered in this country. In London, Liverpool, Bristol, and other large commercial cities, there are vast accumulations of petroleum, and of other inflammable and explosive products no less dangerous. We are at any moment liable to a misfortune equal to that which has just devastated Antwerp; but are we to wait for such an experience on our own soil before we take measures for preventing the accumulation in cities of such fruitful agents of mischief?

IT would appear that the investigation into the late attempt to assassinate the Czar (in which there were several accomplices) has resulted in the discovery of two secret societies, founded on the principles of socialism, and holding their meetings at Moscow, under the names of "Organization" and "Hell." These societies, it is stated by the official *Northern Post* of St. Petersburg, "were in connection with the European Revolutionary Committee"—whatever that may be. Of course, several Poles were concerned in the movement, and it is said they supplied the members with poison, and had established an agency for the introduction of forged Russian bank-notes. These official accounts must be received with due caution; but there can be no doubt that a revolutionary feeling has for the last few years prevailed among a certain section of the Russian people, and been stimulated to some extent by refugees here and elsewhere. It is clear that Russia must be advancing when she gets into the revolutionary stage. The great strength of the Czar is in his reforming policy with regard to the serfs; his great weakness—Poland.

IN connection with the foregoing, we should mention that the Hon. G. V. Fox, Under-Secretary of the United States Navy, has presented at St. Petersburg (where the American squadron has been enthusiastically received) an address to the Emperor, congratulating him on his escape. The address is written in a needlessly laudatory tone; but the coquetry between Republican America and Absolutist Russia is now of some years' standing. Nicholas used to say that there were only two comprehensible systems of government in the world—his own, and that of the United States.

THE Bill for the amendment of the Neutrality Laws which we mentioned last week as having passed the American House of Representatives, with many expressions of a bitter feeling towards this country, was afterwards referred to a committee of the Senate, who were considering it when the adjournment of Congress was proclaimed. So the matter will remain for the present where it was. But a resolution has been passed, giving the Fenians the use of a public building at Washington, in which to hold their meetings. This will not do us much harm, but it is certainly a most indecent proceeding. The

President and his Government, however, continue to act with fairness and impartiality as regards the Fenian raiders into Canada.

GARIBALDI'S wound is said by the special correspondent of the *Daily News* to be very far from well, though the Italian press generally makes light of it. What renders the matter more lamentable is that the General seems to have been shot from behind (accidentally) by one of his own raw and blundering troops. The same writer speaks strongly of the want of scientific qualities as a soldier displayed by Garibaldi in the late campaign. He leaves everything to be provided for as it arises, and does not even see to the feeding of his men. Yet it should not be forgotten that Garibaldi in 1860 gained the Battle of the Volturno—a desperately contested action, in which all the usual tactics of war were resorted to on both sides.

DR. LANKESTER calculates that there are 16,000 women in London who have murdered children, and says the horrible sum is rather under than above the truth, as he only gives a baby to each to kill. This year he held inquests on the bodies of eighty children found dead in the streets, and he considered himself justified in assuming that at least as many more were stowed away out of sight. Apart from the religious and social aspect of this question, it would be curious to discover the economic law which is thus criminally asserting itself. Infanticide, if not indigenous to the soil, flourishes with an abominable readiness in it. Miss Martineau, wrote some very able articles on the subject a few years since in connection with burial societies. Will it be believed of these latter that dead children are reported to have been placed over a fire in order that the shrinking of the limbs might cause a movement in the bodies, and thereby, on witnesses attesting that part of the fact, the parents would be entitled to a few pounds for the interment?

"My lords" were down at Portsmouth this week inspecting the efficient preparations that have been made for the defence of the country. On Wednesday a great deal was done in six hours, including luncheon, and the stupendous exertion of witnessing a "march past." By a careful economy of diligence for the greater portion of the year, the Admiralty are able to view an occasional dockyard with a positively brilliant celerity. The firing of rockets, mortars, and cannon into the sea was considered beautiful, and the proceedings concluded in an appropriate amount of smoke and expense (a single battery sometimes goes off to the tune of £15 or £20), after which their lordships drove away and dined. Who shall say after this that our naval departments are not duly cared for?

THE fact that a salmon has been in the Thames has thrown all the Cockney anglers into a Waltonian fever. Some of the papers appear to think that this fish was rather like a whale than otherwise, but he has been, at any rate, converted into a decoy for subscriptions to the "Preservation Society." This is fair enough, but one salmon per annum is not much to boast of in the way of pisciculture. Why was he not let go when he was caught? Was he bagged *pour encourager les autres*?

CARDINAL CULLEN dodged the preparations for his reception in Dublin, which were to consist of a Roman Catholic demonstration and a counter display on the part of what remains of Orangeism. His Eminence holds a reception at "Clonliffe School House," on Monday. An ode has been written for the occasion by Mr. D. F. McCarty, a gentleman of repute in literature, and the translator of Calderon and other Spanish poets. The Cardinal's establishment will be modest enough, consisting but of four servants and two clerical secretaries. The Catholics of Dublin intend to subscribe liberally in order to keep up the state to which their Church Prince is entitled, and we hear of levees and receptions as already prospected. What with the Castle and the Cardinal's Palace, the Irish metropolis cannot complain of a want of what Thackeray called its "splendour and gentility."

ACCORDING to the accounts from the moors, this is a fair grouse season. Birds are weak enough on the wing so early, and the packs should be thinned with caution if the shooter desires keener sport for the ensuing months. In Glenfiddoch, belonging to the Duke of Richmond, 130 brace were bagged on Monday.

LADIES with a Parliamentary connection have written, or a letter has been written for them, to the *Times* relative to the uncomfortable quarters in which they are cooped in the gallery. Every comfort and solace should certainly be provided for any one obliged to listen to the usual run of speeches in the "House," but when a lady is asked to listen to her husband's speech, the Legislature is bound to make a special provision, in order to alleviate the duty she is called upon to perform. It appears they go in evening dress to the gallery, and that, though the Speaker can turn on atmosphere at discretion, "a cool one to his head and a hot one to his feet," the ladies are in a position in which they are compelled to accept influenza when they require a little air.

RUMOURS (we hope exaggerated) have reached this country relative to H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia, whose health is said to be in an unsatisfactory state. The loss of a child, the infant Prince Sigismund, immediately before the war, and the anxiety for her husband's safety during a time in which he was unceasingly exposed to all its dangers, are said to have produced some serious mental and physical results. We are sure that the universal prayers of the people of this country will be offered for the speedy and entire restoration of so well and deservedly beloved a member of our Royal Family.

THURSDAY was the great holiday of France. The Parisians offered up prayers for the health of the Emperor and then had a turn at the theatres. By Parisians we mean the people. Even the printers' devils, according to one journal, were free from the charge of copy on this occasion. Places of amusement were thrown open to the public, and all the fun of a French fair was kept up throughout the city.

SCIENCE.

DR. DEWAR, of Kirkaldy, has recently been led to form some very important conclusions as to the effect of sulphur fumigations as a preventative to the cattle plague. He caused the cattle byres to be fumigated with sulphur four times a day, and in no case where this plan was regularly carried out did a single case of cattle plague, or any other epidemic, occur. The therapeutic effect of this treatment, however, by no means ended here. Ringworm, angle-berries, mange, and lice disappeared, and a horse which had been accidentally fumigated a few times was cured of obstinate grease of the heels. In a dairy of thirty cows, where cases of pleuro-pneumonia had been frequent for thirty years, and where for eight years past the disease had never been absent a month together, and the tenant had buried sixteen cows in the year preceding the commencement of the fumigation, the disease has entirely ceased since its employment. If ventilation be attended to, the attendant may shut himself in with the cattle during the fumigation not only without injury, but with, it would appear in many cases, great benefit to his health. In the case of a groom of Dr. Dewar's who was afflicted with phthisis, within a week the night-sweats ceased, his cough gradually got better, expectoration lessened, and he gained nearly two stone in weight within four months, and now looks nearly as strong and is as able to do his work as before his illness, though dependent for existence upon little more than one lung. These statements are so extraordinary that we should have deemed them deserving of but little credit were they not supported by the testimony of a medical man of high character, and confirmed by the opinions of several others by whom the case was observed. In diphtheria and various other complaints, sulphur fumigation has almost immediately been productive of great benefit; whilst in one instance an attack of hospital gangrene, in the wards of the Edinburgh Infirmary, was almost instantly cut short by it. Dr. Dewar's theory of the curative influence of sulphur fumigations is that the great proportion of diseases are caused by cryptogamic spores, the vitality of which is destroyed by the vapour of the sulphurous acid gas. It is a curious circumstance not unworthy of note that Hahnemann's theory of disease led him to regard sulphur as the proper remedy for tuberculosis. For the disinfection of inanimate material, Dr. Dewar recommends the addition of a little nitre to the sulphur, and then to combine the fumes with the vapour of boiling water. The result is a disinfectant the most active, searching, and efficacious that can be devised, utterly destructive of every form of contagion and of insect life. Sulphur fumigations have also a remarkable effect in retarding putrefaction. During the hot weather of June a sheep's head was kept by Dr. Dewar fresh and sweet for thirteen days; a crab eight days. Dr. Dewar recently entertained a party of friends with viands preserved in this manner, and one and all expressed their satisfaction with the fare, and their conviction of the perfect success of the process.

Mr. George Mackenzie, of Glasgow, has taken out a patent for improvements in the manufacture of gas, by which gas of superior quality is produced by saturating the small of anthracite coal, now

a waste product of no value, with heavy mineral oil, an article of which the production is also in excess of the demand. In the mineral oil we have a material too deficient in carbon to be beneficially employed in the manufacture of gas, whilst in the small shale we have a material equally inapplicable, but from an opposite cause, viz., deficiency of hydrogen. Mr. Mackenzie grinds the coal to fine powder, and then saturates it with the mineral oil, the cost of the mixture produced being 20s. per ton. The mixture is then distilled, and one ton yields 16,000 cubic feet of gas of superior quality, the yield of best ordinary gas-coal being only from 9,000 to 10,000 feet.

A most valuable paper on "Flame Reactions," by Professor R. Bunsen, has lately appeared in the *Annalen der Chemie und Pharmacie*. Professor Bunsen shows that nearly all the reactions which have hitherto been performed by the blowpipe can be accomplished with greater facility by the peculiar gas furnace or non-luminous gas-lamp known as a Bunsen burner. Six different points, having properties more or less varying in producing reactions, are recognised as existing in the flame, viz.:—1. *Base of the flame*, where the temperature is comparatively low; 2. *Zone of fusion*, above the first third of the flame in height, the point in the flame possessing the highest temperature; 3. The lower oxydizing flame in the outer margin of the zone of fusion; 4. The upper oxydizing flame at the highest point of the non-luminous flame; 5. The lower reducing flame, next the dark central zone; 6. The upper reducing flame at the luminous point over the dark zone. The superiority of a flame giving the power of analyzing its heat into six grades of temperature over that of the blowpipe is manifest. By inserting a substance at the point of lowest temperature, and gradually moving it through the different grades, its *melting point* may be at once ascertained, and the behaviour of the elements at high temperatures is one of the most important reactions that can be employed for the detection and separation of substances. A particle of the substance to be examined is brought into the flame, and its behaviour, when subjected to the different temperatures, noted, the substance being examined with a lens after each increase of temperature. The following six grades of temperature may be obtained in the flame of this lamp, and easily discriminated by observing the tints attained by fine platinum wire—1. Below a red heat; 2. Commencing a red heat; 3. Red heat; 4. Commencing white heat; 5. White heat; 6. Strong white heat. *Volatility* may be ascertained by causing beads of definite weight to evaporate in the zone of fusion, and observing the time, by means of a metronome, which the bead takes to volatilize. The point at which this takes place, and the whole of the substance is converted into vapour, may, by these means, be ascertained to the fraction of a second. A relation appears to subsist between the atomic weights and the volatility of analogous bodies. The volatility of those haloid compounds which evaporate without residue, being directly proportional to their atomic weights. Drops of water, alcohol, ether, and other volatile liquids, brought into the flame on platinum wire, do not boil even in the hottest part of the flame, but exhibit, under these circumstances, the spheroidal state.

M. Nickles states in *Comptes Rendus*, that if iodine, water, and gold leaf, are heated in a tube to 50° C., the gold is dissolved. Ether may be substituted for water, and the action will take place on exposure to strong sunshine. The filtered solution deposits a film of gold on evaporation, if the heat at the end of the operation is sufficient to decompose the iodide of gold which is deposited. Sesqui-iodides and bromides of iron likewise dissolve gold.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE attendance at the Bank of England was even larger this morning than last week, the lobby being crowded with clerks, merchants, bullion-dealers, stock-brokers, in short, with representatives of all classes of trade. Unlike last Thursday, however, they were not long kept in suspense. Five minutes after the meeting of the Court the announcement was made of a reduction in the rate of discount to 8 per cent., and was received with loud cheers. The weight which has thus pressed upon commerce for the last fourteen weeks is at length removed, but not without having left many cruel traces of suffering and loss. Fourteen weeks at 10 per cent. are not to be lightly borne, even by the most prudent, and the most wealthy. The impression generally prevailed that the Bank would have to go down to-day; but such has been the timidity and vacillation of the Directors, that fears of their holding to the shortsighted policy which has governed them so long, were entertained up to the last minute. It is evident, however, that the pressure from without has become too powerful to be resisted. Deputation after deputation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, not only from the City, but from all the chief trading centres of the country, formed a powerful argument against listening to the narrow-minded prejudices of a comparative few. With the close of this crisis it is to be hoped will come the close of the Act of 1844. In this case it has been deliberately worked out to the

bitter end, and nothing but the exceptional soundness of trade has saved us from general ruin. It is just possible that one or two apologists for this unlucky measure will be found to argue that if it has done some harm, at any rate the harm has been productive of good. The old story will be repeated, that the restrictions imposed upon the discretion of the Directors of the Bank compelled them to keep their resources so well in hand, that when the danger came they were all powerful to meet it. But this result has been effected by the conductors of nearly all the banks of London, without the assistance of the leading strings granted by the Act of 1844. It is simple nonsense to say that without this Act the Directors of the Bank of England would have embarked all their available funds in a whole mass of unsafe speculations. They would no more have done so than the directors of our leading joint-stock banks, some of which hold larger deposits, exclusive of the Government balance, than the National Establishment. The plain fact of the matter is this—a conclusion which has forced itself upon every man capable of being convinced long ago—that the Bank Act possesses all the disadvantages of a positive interference with individual action, for which it gives in return no compensation whatever. The next session can hardly pass without some important modifications in our currency law, considering the events of the last three months. And even if we had escaped a positive crisis, the contrast between the working of our own Bank and that of the Bank of France would imperatively demand inquiry.

As might have been expected, everybody was holding back on the chance of the reduction of the Bank rate, and hence the demand for money has been everywhere strong. This result, however, follows naturally, and the increased requirements will very soon be satisfied. The money now hoarded will shortly come back into use, and thus we may look forward for a steady fall in discounts until they reach a lower point than in the last two years. In these cases it is always noticed that the rebound is in proportion to the strain. The pendulum having been lifted too high on one side will fall as far back on the other. It is for this reason that the Directors of the Bank of England have done so much harm in keeping their minimum unpleasantly long at 10 per cent. After exceptional pressure we shall have exceptional ease, and speculators who trade upon low money will have it all their own way. The public will become as confiding as they have recently been distrustful, and every material for a national mania will thus have been effectually prepared.

The funds have been firmer on the announcement of the reduction in the Bank-rate, but have improved less than might have been expected. The reason lies in the fact, that the thing most regarded at this time of the year is the weather. The question of the harvest is of course all-important, and thus a rainy day is considered of far more consequence than an otherwise vital event in politics or finance. It is partly from this cause that the withdrawal of the Emperor Napoleon's demand for territorial compensation from Prussia has fallen comparatively dead. At the same time, the City is inclined, perhaps rather unjustly, to consider the demand to have been merely waived for the present, for re-introduction at a more fitting opportunity. Be this as it may, the news that there is no chance, for some time to come, of the outbreak of war between France and Germany has not received the attention it deserved.

In the other departments of the Stock Exchange the provincial movements have been in home railway securities. The prices of these stocks have in several cases been materially depressed, chiefly owing to the difficulty in renewing debentures. It is to be hoped, or rather is almost certain, that the financial inconvenience will subside with the termination of the pressure in the money market. It is well known that several of the most important companies have been reduced to some straits on this account, and to have been obliged to have recourse to temporary loans from their bankers, which of course could not be obtained under 10 per cent., and were sometimes charged even more. In one or two descriptions of stocks, however, there have been some over large sales for a fall, and the repurchases to close these accounts have caused a rise. The general impression appears to be that, unless a very fortuitous concurrence of favourable events should shortly take place, the earnings in the current six months will be below those of the corresponding period of last year, owing to the diminution of gross receipts by the collapse in trade and the increased expenditure for interest caused by the crisis.

News has been received of the successful laying of the telegraph cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, so that messages can now be sent direct to New York. This makes the third important event that has characterized the day.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

CHARLES LAMB.*

Of the old friends and familiars of Charles Lamb—of those who talked and jested with him, and shared or dissented from his literary opinions, and loved him for his tender nature, or pitied him for the calamity which had desolated his life—very few indeed now remain. Mr. Procter says he believes he is nearly the only man surviving who knew much of "Elia." He is certainly the only one of Lamb's distinguished and intimate associates still remaining to chronicle, in literary form, his recollections of that charming essayist. For the last seventeen or eighteen years of his life, Lamb was well known to Mr. Procter; and the latter has much in his mental disposition that harmonizes with the genius of the friend whom he now celebrates. He is a poet and a critic, nursed in the lap of old English letters, and loving them with a love that touches on idolatry. Like Lamb, he has chosen the quiet and shady walks that lead nowhere but to Tempe and Parnassus, rather than the paths that conduct more certainly to success; and, again like Lamb, he is better known to the select few than to the undiscriminating many. In speaking of the old *London Magazine*, in which the "Elia" essays first appeared, and giving a list of the regular writers, Mr. Procter says:—"I myself was amongst the crowd of contributors, and was the author of various pieces, some in verse and others in prose, now under the protection of that great Power which is called 'Oblivion.' " If he means this to apply to his writings generally, he does himself an injustice. His productions, as we have said, are ill-qualified for popularity; but they are not forgotten by poets and the lovers of poetry. His "Dramatic Scenes" have the true Elizabethan flavour; his ballads are sweet and musical; and he is not likely to forget who declared that—

"'Marcian Colonna' is a dainty thing."

The name of Oblivion, like that of Fame, is sometimes taken in vain. Raleigh said, on the appearance of the "Faery Queene," that Oblivion lay down upon the hearse of Laura; but Petrarch is not quite extinguished yet.

Mr. Procter is especially fitted to relate the life of Charles Lamb. He knew him well; he sympathized with him deeply; and he writes in a style which has a pleasant smack of the old Lambish quaintness, derived from much browsing in the ancient pastures. Above all things, he thoroughly understands the character of his friend, as modified by that tragedy which blighted the morning of his life and saddened all its after day. The very wit and humour of Lamb drew something of their peculiar elements from that one terrible event. His jests, as a rule, were not merry, or boisterous, or robust; they were shadowed with meditative insight—tremulous at the lip with half-suppressed, half-uttered tears—sometimes, in the last degree poignant and pathetic. Fun is the creation of animal spirits and of health; humour—which was the most conspicuous quality of Lamb's mind—is the tenderer and more wayward offspring of thought and suffering, of sentiment and passion. In Lamb this was eminently so. His humour seems to have proceeded from a keen, almost a torturing, and yet a loving, perception of the contrast between the petty issues of life and the dread marvel of its misery; between the haste and fussiness of its little temporary interests, and that eternal mystery of Death, always waiting in the background with the supreme irony of its passionless patience. He had an intense and awful sense of mortality; yet he says in one of his letters that he had just been to a funeral, where he made a pun, "to the consternation of the rest of the mourners." This may have been an invention; yet it was an incident very likely to have happened with him, and it would not have proceeded from want of feeling, but from the sharpness with which his lambent wit would have detected the opposition of the decorous formality on the one hand to the old sphinx-like riddle of our existence on the other. His jesting was often like that of Hamlet with the skull of Yorick—a fluttering on the borders of two worlds. Edmund Kean, it is related, would sometimes turn aside to his friends at the wings, and make a ludicrous grimace in the utmost agonies of "Lear" or "Othello." He did it, he said, to relieve his overcharged feelings. For the same reason, not infrequently, Lamb joked. He acted, indeed, in a life-long tragedy that was terribly real to him; and, in comparison with the one great fact of his existence, the outer public, and even his familiar friends, were only so many people at the wings, with whom he vented himself in the wild gambols of wit. He had the solitary custody of a sister who was hopelessly insane, though with intervals of reason which really added to the affliction by the uncertainty of their duration, and the piteous contrast they presented to the ever-recurring lapses into imbecility or mania. This sister, in the first outbreak of her fury, when Charles was in his twenty-second year, stabbed her mother to the heart, and at the same time wounded her father (who was almost imbecile at the time), and nearly killed her aunt. The event occurred on the 23rd of September, 1796, in a poor lodging at No. 7, Little Queen-street, Holborn. The coroner's jury found a verdict of insanity, and, after a brief confinement in an asylum, Mary was delivered up to her friends, and her brother thenceforward devoted his whole life to the care and solace of this unhappy being. They had always been tenderly attached, and now their love was rendered sacred by sorrow. For

her sake he gave up the brighter prospects of life, blotting out from his heart

"All trivial, fond records
That youth and observation copied there,"

and abandoning, it is thought, a passion he had conceived for a young lady who is apparently alluded to in his essays under the designation of "Alice W." The history of the long association between brother and sister, broken from time to time by a fresh accession of the fatal malady, is one of the most touching things in fact or fiction. When it was evident that the fits were coming on, Lamb and his sister would take their desolate way together over the fields to the asylum at Hoxton; walking hand-in-hand, and often bitterly weeping; he provided with a strait waistcoat, in case it should be needed; she docilely submitting to restraint, which she had sense enough to know was imperative to prevent a repetition of the old tragedy. Mary Lamb was ten years older than her brother, though she outlived him thirteen years; and when Charles was very young she had been a second mother to him. "In the days of weakling infancy," he writes, in a gush of affection that is infinitely pathetic, considering all the circumstances of the case, "I was her tender charge, as I have been her care in foolish manhood since." And in the last year of his life he wrote to Miss Fryer:—"It is no new thing for me to be left with my sister. When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of the world." Only once in the course of his life, says Mr. Procter, does he seem to have raised a cry of agony and impatience. This was in 1800, when an old family servant died, and, an access of insanity suddenly coming on Mary, which necessitated her removal to the asylum, Lamb was left alone in the house with the dead body. "My heart is quite sick," he exclaimed, in a letter, "and I don't know where to look for relief. My head is very bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead." At all other times he seemed to find his greatest comfort in her society; and she fully understood and recognised his devotion to her. "She was very mild in her manner to strangers," says Mr. Procter, "and to her brother gentle and tender always. She had often an upward look of peculiar meaning when directed towards him, as though to give him assurance that all was then well with her." The portrait of poor Mary Lamb published in the present volume represents a mild, placid, happy face, with not the least touch of insanity or wildness in it. Hazlitt said she was the wisest and most rational woman he had ever known, and both in verse and prose she has shown her literary capacity. She was by nature a gentle, affectionate being, with sympathies so strong that they outran the present, and embraced the mere shadows and possibilities of the future. Sitting one day with an infant in her lap, she said to its mother, "I should like to know this child when he grows to be a man." It was a passing fancy, but it showed the tendency towards an affectionate interest in her fellow-creatures that existed in her poor distraught brain.

It is impossible to write of Lamb without saying much about his sister also, for the two were one. Mr. Procter is perhaps a little in excess when he affirms that he does not "recollect any instance in which a great object has been so unremittingly carried out throughout a whole life, in defiance of a thousand difficulties and of numberless temptations straining the good resolution to the utmost, except in the case of our poor clerk of the India House." There have surely been other cases of life-long devotion to the needs of afflicted relatives; but unquestionably the story of Charles and Mary Lamb is one of extraordinary pathos, tenderness, and heroism. What made the trial more terrible to the brother was that the same mental disturbance might at any time have fallen on himself. He was in fact insane for a brief season in the very year of the fatal event—some months previous to its occurrence. That he kept his wits after it, is marvellous; but it may perhaps have been from his very sense of the weight of responsibility falling upon him. It has been reported that he was mad and in confinement again towards the close of his life; but this Mr. Procter positively denies. It is certain, however, that, after leaving the India House on a pension, he grew profoundly melancholy in the midst of that leisure which he had anticipated so rapturously, and that he became restless to a degree which could only be allayed by constant walking about. He said it would not do to sit still and think; yet he could find no satisfaction in visiting his friends. It was better, he wrote to Bernard Barton in 1829, "to go to his hole at Enfield, and hide like a sick cat." "Home, I have none. Never did the waters of heaven pour down on a forlorn head. What I can do, and overdo, is to walk. I am a sanguinary murderer of time. But the snake is vital. Your forlorn—C. L." In another letter he says, "My waking life has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity of an ill dream. In the day-time I stumble upon dark mountains." This looks like the melancholy of a mind not healthily balanced; and it was perhaps well that he departed when he did, for we cannot resist a fear that with increasing age his condition might have approximated to that of his sister. Insanity was hereditary in the blood. The father expired imbecile, and Mary, after the death of her brother, became a confirmed lunatic, and was placed permanently under restraint.

The tragedy of Lamb's early years was not generally known to the world until the publication, in 1848, of Sir T. N. Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb." The intimate friends of the essayist were of course aware of all the facts; and with them his writings received a deeper and more pathetic meaning from the sad history which formed their background. But the public knew nothing of that dismal circumstance which had so large a share in

* Charles Lamb. A Memoir. By Barry Cornwall. London: Moron & Co.

shaping the character of Charles Lamb, and they must have been sometimes puzzled by an apparent incongruity in his writings—a seemingly wayward blending of smiles and tears. His friends knew the secret of this, and now all his readers know it, and assuredly both the man and his writings are advanced immensely in our love and esteem by a knowledge of the trial which he so bravely bore. If the great affliction of his family and himself led sometimes to a bitterness of speech, who can wonder at it? His nature retained its sweetness to the last, and no man could ever boast of more deeply attached friends. We suspect that towards the latter end of his life he was a little too fond of money, and the account which Mr. Procter gives of the extremely plain way in which he lived, even after he was well-to-do, confirms this impression. But it should be recollected that he had to provide for his sister in case he should die first (as he did), and that the downright poverty of his youth, and the hard struggles of his manhood, had naturally begotten in him a degree of carefulness which men more uniformly prosperous might not have considered necessary. When he left the India House, he was receiving a salary of £600 a year. His pension was nominally £400 a year; but a sum of £9 was annually deducted, in order that provision might be made for his sister, should she survive him. For the last fourteen or fifteen years of his life (after a long period of depressing non-recognition by the public), he earned very fair sums of money by his pen; but at his death he left no more than £2,000. That he was capable of very generous things there can be no doubt. Mr. Procter relates that once, when he and Lamb were sauntering on Pentonville-hill, the latter observed in his companion some great depression of spirits, which he attributed (though erroneously) to want of money. "My dear boy," he suddenly said, in his stammering way, "I—I have a quantity of useless things. I have now—in my desk, a—a hundred pounds—that I don't—don't know what to do with. Take it."

This is almost the only original bit of Lamb's talk which Mr. Procter gives us. Another speech which he recalls was more brilliant, and perhaps a little less agreeable. "I once," writes Mr. Procter, "said something in his presence which I thought possessed smartness. He commended me with a stammer: 'Very well, my dear boy, very well. Ben (taking a pinch of snuff), Ben Jonson has said worse things than that—and—and b—b—better.'" In collecting some of Lamb's good things, Mr. Procter tells the story which hinges on a question addressed to the wit, when sitting inside the Highgate stage, by a woman who came to the coach-door; but he gives it in a way different from what we have hitherto seen, and, as it appears to us, an inferior way. According to our present authority, the question was: "Are you quite full, inside?" and the reply: "Yes, ma'am, quite; that plateful of Mrs. Gillman's pudding has quite filled us." The version we prefer is this:—Question: "Are you all full inside?" Reply: "I can't answer for the other gentlemen; but that last slice of oyster-pie did the business for me." The story about Lamb's rejoinder to the fond mother who asked him "how he liked babies," and to whom he answered, "Boi—boi—boiled, ma'am," seems to have been confounded with a pleasantry of Dr. Parr's, or else it is that great wits jump. It is certainly recorded of the latter that, being asked by a lady whether he liked babies, he thundered forth, "Yes, ma'am: with parsley and butter!"

A pleasant sketch of one of Lamb's weekly literary evenings gives a very lively idea of the essayist surrounded by his fellow bookmen and friends:—

"When you went to Lamb's rooms on the Wednesday evenings (his 'At Home'), you generally found the card-table spread out, Lamb himself one of the players. On the corner of the table was a snuff-box; and the game was enlivened by sundry brief ejaculations and pungent questions, which kept alive the wits of the party present. It was not 'silent whist!' I do not remember whether, in common with Sarah Battle, Lamb had a weakness in favour of 'Hearts.' I suppose that it was at one of these meetings that he made that shrewd remark which has since escaped into notoriety:—'Martin' (observed he), 'if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would hold.' It is not known what influence Martin's trumps had on the rubber then in progress.—When the conversation became general, Lamb's part in it was very effective. His short, clear sentences always produced effect. He never joined in talk unless he understood the subject; then, if the matter in question interested him, he was not slow in showing his earnestness; but I never heard him argue or talk for argument's sake. If he was indifferent to the question, he was silent.

"The supper of cold meat, on these occasions, was always on the side table; not very formal, as may be imagined; and every one might rise, when it suited him, and cut a slice or take a glass of porter, without reflecting on the abstinence of the rest of the company. Lamb would, perhaps, call out and bid the hungry guest help himself without ceremony. We learn (from Hazlitt) that Martin Burney's eulogies on books were sometimes intermingled with expressions of his satisfaction with the veal pie which employed him at the sideboard. After the game was won (and lost) the ring of the cheerful glasses announced that punch or brandy-and-water had become the order of the night.

"It was curious to observe the gradations in Lamb's manner to his various guests; although it was courteous to all. With Hazlitt he talked as though they met the subject in discussion on equal terms; with Leigh Hunt he exchanged repartees; to Wordsworth he was almost respectful; with Coleridge he was sometimes jocose, sometimes deferring; with Martin Burney fraternally familiar; with Manning affectionate; with Godwin merely courteous; or if friendly, then in a minor degree. The man whom I found at Lamb's house more frequently than any other person was Martin Burney. He is now scarcely known; yet Lamb dedicated his prose works to him, in 1818,

and there described him as 'no common judge of books and men'; and Southey, corresponding with Rickman, when his 'Joan of Arc' was being reprinted, says, 'The best omen I have heard of its well-doing is that Martin Burney likes it.'

Mr. Procter's volume, of course, contains some reminiscences of Lamb's famous contemporaries, but they are not permitted to thrust out of sight the principal subject of the memoir. We find, however, some amusing scraps about poor, simple-natured George Dyer, a classical reader for the press and a good antiquarian, who died in 1841, at a very advanced age. He it was whom Lamb persuaded that Lord Castlereagh was the author of the "Waverley Novels," and whom he induced to go one morning to the top of Primrose-hill to see the Persian Ambassador and suite pay their devotions to the rising sun, as, said Lamb, they were fire-worshippers. Dyer, who was blind in the latter part of his life, besides being always very absent-minded, one day walked into the New River at the back of Lamb's house in Celebroke-row, Islington. Mr. Procter happened to go to the house shortly afterwards, and found Dyer in bed, delirious with brandy-and-water, which had been administered to him to counteract the cold bath. "I soon found out where I was," he cried. But this was an accident owing to an infirmity. Once, however, when Dyer had been spending the evening at Leigh Hunt's house on Hampstead Heath, he came back a quarter of an hour after leaving, and when the family had gone up to their bedrooms. "What is the matter?" asked Hunt. "I think, sir," said Dyer, in his simpering, apologetic way, "I think I must have left one of my shoes behind me." He had, in fact, shuffled it off under the table, and did not discover his loss until he had gone a long way.

Of Munden (who was perhaps Lamb's favourite actor, and whom he personally knew), Mr. Procter gives a most admirable account; and he tells an amusing story of the great comedian, who, on the last night of his appearing in public, presented himself cautiously at the little door leading from under the stage into the orchestra, and handed to Lamb—who, together with his sister, had been accommodated with places amongst the musicians, every other seat in the house being filled—"a mighty pot of porter." Munden knew Lamb's tender regard for beer. Great was the attraction of a foaming tankard to "Elia." Once, at a musical party at Leigh Hunt's, being oppressed with what to him was nothing better than a prolonged noise, he said—"If one only had a pot of porter, one might get through this." It was procured for him, and he weathered the Mozartian storm.

Besides the portrait of Miss Lamb, to which we have alluded, the present volume contains one of John Lamb, the father of the essayist—a weak, good-natured, rather silly-looking gentleman—and three of Charles himself. The one by Hazlitt is the finest head (being, indeed, truly noble); but that by Meyer is more in accordance with the tone of Lamb's writings, and with what is known of his character. The third, by F. S. Cary, does not answer one's conceptions at all. We should have been glad to know which Mr. Procter considers the most like.

Though adding but little to our knowledge of Lamb, the volume we now close is a charming summary of the events of a singular and deeply interesting life. It is tenderly and delicately written, enriched with excellent criticism, and worthy in every respect to be placed on the same shelf with the delightful "Elia" Essays.

STUDIES IN EUROPEAN POLITICS.*

MR. GRANT DUFF has by this work entitled himself to the gratitude of all who take an intelligent interest in foreign politics. Nothing is more difficult than to obtain in a compact form any information with respect to the recent history or present condition of continental countries. To some, the difficulty of reading works written by native authors in their own languages is insuperable; but, even when that is not the case, it is almost impossible to get at the books or the official documents which we want. English libraries are, without exception, strangely deficient in this branch of literature; and most people are therefore dependent, for such knowledge as they possess, upon the foreign correspondents of English journals, who from time to time give us scraps of dissertation on social topics, or such bald *résumés* of past events as are absolutely necessary to explain items of present news. For the great bulk, even of educated Englishmen, this is, perhaps, sufficient, since our national character and our insular position combine to make us far too indifferent to everything which passes abroad, so long as it does not immediately affect our own interests. But there are those who feel that this carelessness is intrinsically absurd, and that it is only consistent with an attitude of isolation which cannot be maintained in these days of rapid transit and increasing international communication. For such, and as one of them, Mr. Duff has written. The chapters of which his book is composed have already appeared in a more or less perfect form as articles in various journals; and he tells us that, "undertaken primarily for his own instruction, they are 'studies' in the more literal sense of the term." He has evidently spared no pains to make them as complete as possible. While he has carefully consulted the literature and has not neglected the "blue books" of the countries with which he deals, he has made himself acquainted

* Studies in European Politics. By Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, Member for the Eign District of Burghs. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

with the people by travelling amongst them and mixing with them. There is a liveliness and a thorough ease in his treatment, which no amount of mere "cramming" could have given him. He has done his best—and with no slight success—to look at the affairs of other nations from their own point of view, as well as from that of an Englishman. His sympathies are, indeed, unreservedly given to the Liberals, but he deals fairly and moderately with all parties. While expressing his own opinions with frankness, but without dogmatism, upon questions which are still in controversy, he is careful to afford his readers the means of correcting him, by referring them to the best authorities on both sides. His work is sketchy; for it is not possible to discuss in great detail the affairs and the recent history of seven countries in something under 400 pages. But it is not superficial, because it is evidently based upon real thought, and upon a conscientious use of ample materials. Written with clearness and animation, it is not only a good, but decidedly a readable, book.

The first, and perhaps the least interesting, chapter is devoted to Spain. In spite of Mr. Grant Duff's efforts, we cannot bring ourselves to care much for the party squabbles, the incessant outrages, and the rapidly-successing *pronunciamientos*, which have made up the political history of that country for the last thirty-five years. There is no public man, or set of men, with whom we can sympathize; and the general impression Spanish statesmen leave on our minds is that, taking them all round, they have very little patriotism, enlightenment, or disinterestedness amongst them. Still, it cannot be doubted that, during the last few years, there has been a great growth of material prosperity in Spain; that both the army and navy have been rendered more efficient; that that religious intolerance which was the bane of the country is on the decline; that much has been done to improve the education of the people; and that literature shows symptoms of revival. One element of instability in Spain, however, arrests progress at every turn. "The question," says Mr. Duff, "which underlies all other questions in the Peninsula, is that of dynasty. Will the wretched Bourbon race ever be able honourably to reconcile itself with Constitutional Government, or must it be trampled down at Madrid as elsewhere? As long as there is the camarilla in the palace, there will be constant danger of revolt in the streets."

On Russia we have a very elaborate essay, which deals ably with all the great questions which now agitate that colossal empire. Poland, the land question, the Asiatic policy of Russia, and the movements leading to domestic change, are discussed in turn; and, upon the whole, Mr. Duff inclines to a sanguine view of the future of the country. He seems to think that the system of Nicholas—repressive at home and aggressive abroad—has finally broken down, and utterly passed away. Internal improvement is now the great thought of all enlightened Russians; and, as part of that improvement, more liberal institutions. The emancipation of the serfs is working well; and, so far as we can judge, any temporary dangers which attended that measure have been surmounted. The organization of provincial assemblies, of a Constitutional kind, is already far advanced; and out of these, we can hardly doubt, a Parliament will some day grow. The administration of justice is in course of reformation. Considerable attention is being given to railways; and everything in the power of the Government—except, by the way, the adoption of free-trade—is being done to promote the material prosperity of the empire. At present, neither the Russian people nor the Czar have the slightest wish to interfere in the affairs of Europe. If they have any inclination to extend their influence beyond their own borders, it is towards Asia that they look for any future expansion of their power.

Of the three papers that are devoted to Germany, one has already become obsolete. The German Diet has ceased to exist. Mr. Grant Duff's excellent account of its history and constitution now possesses only an antiquarian interest. The recent war has indeed made sad havoc with these papers. But it would scarcely be fair to dwell upon speculations which have been exploded by the needle-gun, or to twit Mr. Duff because he is in many respects no better a prophet than the rest of us. If he did not foresee the speedy accomplishment of German unity, he has, at any rate, carefully probed the weakness of Austria, and appreciated, more correctly than most Englishmen, the strength of Prussia. We would especially direct attention to his lucid accounts of the recent movements and changes in both countries, and to his sketches of several of their more prominent statesmen. One of the best of these portraits is that of Prince Metternich; but under existing circumstances we must prefer that of Count von Bismarck:—

"But who was this new Minister, then so little known, now so notorious? M. von Bismarck-Schönhausen was born at Brandenburg in 1813. Already as a very young man he connected himself closely with the ultra-conservative party in the district assembly of the Saxon province of Prussia, in which he has property, and in 1848 he pursued the same course at Berlin, making himself particularly conspicuous, when the German national enthusiasm for the first Schleswig-Holstein war was at its height, by speaking of the Prussian intervention in that struggle as—"Ein höchst ungerechtes frivoles und verderbliches Unternehmen zur Unterstützung einer ganz unmotivirten Revolution." He was a member of the assembly of the Conservative party to which the name of the *Junker-Parliament* was given, and was one of the founders of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. He was present at Erfurt, and was a secretary of the assembly, getting there also into a quarrel with the press by way of prelude to more serious

attacks upon it in after years. His good services to the reactionary party gained for him in 1851 the post of First Secretary of Legation at Frankfort, an appointment which was all the more remarkable because he had never before been in the diplomatic service. Three months afterwards, however, he was promoted to the first place as Prussian representative to the Diet, and this post he occupied until he was succeeded by a much better man, Baron von Usedom. This was in the early days of the present king; before his failure to obtain the approval of the people for his scheme of army organization had driven him from the right path—the happy time which German Liberals too hastily called the *Neue Ära*. In that happy time M. Bismarck was sent off to St. Petersburg, and it is indeed unfortunate that he did not remain in a country for which he is far better suited than his own. The destinies, however, had other work in store for him; for, after a short period of duty in Russia and France, he was summoned to Berlin, and in September, 1862, on the very day, as it happened, upon which Lord Russell's famous Gotha despatch began a new phase of the Schleswig-Holstein question, he became First Minister.

"The time has not yet come for attempting to pass judgment upon a man who is still in the midst of his career; but it is not too much to say that his action upon the affairs of Europe has hitherto been simply evil. His worst enemies do not deny that he has great readiness, a strong will, and audacity almost amounting to genius. The ground-tone of his character, it has been truly said, is *überig*, but that *überig*, which takes in public life so offensive a form, does not seem incompatible in his case with much geniality in private life, and it would not be difficult to cite instances of the ease with which he obtains influence over persons who are brought across him. Many stories are current which show that his conservatism does not go really so deep as that of many men who make less parade of their anti-liberal views; and we think it far from impossible that as the drama of German politics unfolds itself we may be destined to see this unscrupulous politician in more than one unfamiliar character."

Holland is not a very attractive country. Beyond its quaint cities and its rare features, few Englishmen know much or care more about it. And yet Mr. Duff shows us that it has a recent history which is well worth studying. From 1840 to the present time, it has, under the guidance of a wise minister, M. Thorbecke, made a remarkable advance in national prosperity and happiness. In 1848 there was a reform in the constitution, by which the Upper House became what the Lower House had been before—a representative of the wealthiest and most highly-taxed portion of the community—while the Lower was made a truly popular assembly. From that time, "not a year has passed without bringing to Holland some new good law or wise alteration of an old one." The provincial institutions have been remodelled, trade has been emancipated from many fetters, railways have been pushed forward, West India slavery has been abolished, and education has been largely promoted. The country seems now to be one of the best governed in Europe, and the people are, as might be expected under these circumstances, thoroughly loyal and contented. Of the general liberality of tone which prevails amongst the Dutch, especially in regard to ecclesiastical matters, Mr. Duff not only speaks in the highest terms, but furnishes some remarkable proofs.

The last chapter, which is devoted to Belgium, will be read with as much interest as any in the book. It contains an admirable account of the severe and protracted struggle between the liberal and clerical parties, which has so long divided the country, but which is, we trust, now substantially decided in favour of the Liberals. There are also some very fair and discriminating notices of the principal statesmen and politicians, and a good deal of useful information, pleasantly given, as to the state and prospects of the country. We trust that we shall not have long to wait before we are called upon to notice the second series of "Studies," which Mr. Duff promises us.

LECTURES ON PAINTING.*

THE chair of painting at the Academy of Arts was far too important a post to be left wholly unoccupied and long silent: it was better that an artist who had reached the rank of Associate only should speak to the students the words of advice and caution out of his own experience, than that the office should be suffered to sink into absolute neglect. Whether, however, it is altogether satisfactory that the higher kind of culture that belongs to the professorial office should be thus resigned by the most distinguished of the Academicians, is a question that concerns the reputation and conscience of the body, and one that we cannot think has received that consideration which it demands. Since Leslie filled the chair, we have heard of no lectures: his successor, Mr. Hart, we presume, did deliver lectures during the ten years or so of his occupancy; but in 1862 he resigned, and the lectures ceased till, last year, Mr. O'Neil was deputed to take up the work, not as professor, but simply as tutorial lecturer. The professorship seems, indeed, to have gone begging, till the Academy were rather ashamed of their neglect of the interests of their alumni. Well they might be, for there can be no question as to the great utility to be found in expounding the principles of art, and leading the young students to thoughts above the mere technicalities of their work; and this it was that they were tacitly ignoring. Possibly such was the intention of some who might be too vain of their own success, or too idle and unconcerned, to employ their energies for the benefit of others; and it may have been that they sanctioned this course by the common argument that

* Lectures on Painting Delivered at the Royal Academy. By Henry O'Neil, A.R.A. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co.

the secrets of art cannot be taught—the gift of genius cannot be conferred by the professor's hand. Mr. O'Neil alludes in his preface to serious doubts upon the utility of oral teaching, evidently feeling that he had this dead weight against him at starting; but he is firm in his assertion of the power and value of the office. It appears, however, that his view differs somewhat from the received one as to the line of instruction to be pursued; he would have a succession of fresh lecturers, each to give his experience after the manner of that religious sect which objects altogether to the priestly office and the pulpit. He would have every man tell in turn how he failed and how he succeeded, and what was his opinion of the mysteries.

For our own part, this would seem to be a most bewildering method of instruction for students, and one that could not be expected to show them what might be relied upon as principles in art. We may take this course of four lectures as a fair example of the matter from which the students would have to glean their *pabulum*, and we must do Mr. O'Neil the justice to say that we think few of the Associates could have discharged the task with more intelligence, and in a manner more attractive to a class not particularly inclined to abstruse consideration of the subject. At once, however, we must confess a sort of general infidelity in artists speaking *ex cathedra*; their view is generally extremely narrow, penetrating but slightly into the deeper considerations of art, attaching too much to skill in all that may be learnt, and always strongly biased by the particular taste of the preacher. Even Reynolds, the best discourser of them all, is terribly given to extol mere effects of the palette, and as a critical writer upon art falls far below Sir C. Eastlake, who never approached the same region of painting. If we look also to the writings of the other artist-lecturers—Barry, Opie, and Fuseli—it is to find only miserably small views of the art of the world. Egyptian grandeur, Etruscan beauty of form, and Gothic imaginative power and invention, are overlooked in the strong feeling for the classic, and enthusiasm for the great Italian masters. Mr. O'Neil does not supply the deficiency thus. He makes some effort to strike out an independent course; he declines the old and hackneyed terms, and proposes new ones; instead of treating of design, form, colour, and *chiaroscuro*, his idea of painting is confined to one quality, to the development of which all others are but the means. That quality is *character*. By this he explains that he means the impression produced on the mind by any object or scene in nature. As every person takes his own impression, he ought to give it in his picture; if not, he has no genius, and his work does not possess the "individuality" which Mr. O'Neil considers the stamp of genius. To imitate this "individuality," either in copying Nature absolutely, or the work of another artist, is, he very justly remarks, equally a futile attempt; the quality of "character," which Art alone can supply, would be wanting, and the copy, however correct, would be dead and soulless. This amounts simply to what has for ever been pointed out as a principle in all art—that general truth is impressive, while particular truths produce no effect on the mind. The grandeur of the Parthenon statues is not to be accounted for by any details of accurate imitation; indeed, these have been still more sacrificed by the hand of time only to help to express the ideal of Phidias. We do not find that this principle of generalizing is enunciated as clearly as it should be in the first lecture, which is on "the character of Nature in general, and on the mission of Art," and, in defining "grandeur," the lecturer appears to fall too much into the materialistic view, when he lays down that it refers less to the subject than to the manner, and, 1. That it consists in making everything subservient to the principal object in view; 2. In avoiding the introduction of anything that may interfere with that object; and, lastly, in the absence of any peculiarity of execution which shall lead the mind from its proper duties.

This is an unobjectionable definition, only it says so little, the first and second condition being the same, and the third being unessential, because the execution of a picture might be very peculiar and yet not detract from the grandeur. Mr. O'Neil suggests certain comparisons of painters, as Raphael and Carlo Dolce, Correggio and Baroccio, Titian and Rubens, Reynolds and Lawrence, in illustration of his opinion, and refutes, somewhat needlessly, the supposition that size confers grandeur; he also points out the grandeur of the great portrait painters; but throughout the second lecture, "On Portraiture, Domestic and Historical Subjects, and on the Causes of the Decline of Art," the important subject of "grandeur" is very indistinctly treated of. In speaking of historical painting the question is allowed to merge into the discriminating between "a dramatic and a purely *theatrical* representation—a very necessary distinction which offered many good points for remark upon modern painting, but which the lecturer is content with illustrating by pointing out the dramatic power of Raphael in the figures of Elymas struck blind and the dying Ananias, contrasted with "the studied grace" in the attitudes of the spectators, "which, to a certain extent, mars the effect of the whole." The upturned eyes and open lips of Guido's Magdalens, and the mothers in the Massacre of the Innocents, at Bologna, are fairly enough condemned as examples of the "low depths of conventionalism." Mr. O'Neil protests against the application of the term "naturalistic" to the Bolognese school, since they never truly perceived "the truths which an unbiased study could only reveal;" at the same time, the Italians were not far wrong in so naming those painters who were so completely opposed to the ideal style, and composed their pictures so entirely from studies. The whole subject of "Composition" is dismissed in a paragraph intending to wipe out all that

has been said and written about it, as depending on laws and rules, as most pernicious teaching. Still, we suspect, there will be found some independent artist-Galileo to say, "E pur si muove." The rules may be fallacious, but the eye must be enticed and calmed by harmonious composition and colouring, or the picture is not perfect as a work of art. The decline of art which followed in Italy after the first half of the sixteenth century is attributed to a contempt for "individuality" arising from the slavish practice of the studios and the number of pupils imitating the manner of their masters, till excellence "was so diluted by this filtering process that at last no trace of the original spirit remained." Independence is the old lamp of the modern artist, says Mr. O'Neil, not to be bartered away for any new one, and certainly not for the French lamp, which he would not have to light up a school of painters all of the same style and manner. The variety of our painters he considers their crowning glory, and if the art of painting in England is ever destined to reach that high state of perfection to which he hopes and believes it will ultimately attain, it must do so through the independent efforts of its professors, and not by following a system which results in the student acquiring a certain style at the expense of his thorough individuality. More progress in art is to be expected, Mr. O'Neil thinks, from the efforts of comparatively self-taught artists than from "the accumulated labours of those who have explored its wide domains."

A defect which we observe throughout these lectures is the want of systematic arrangement. Even if the lecturer had intended only to give his opinion according to his experience, it would have been more orderly, and consequently easier for the student's comprehension, to have delivered the opinions and experiences systematically, as they bore upon the different subjects which form the rudimentary study of the young artist. To dogmatize, as Mr. O'Neil does often with considerable obscurity, as when enforcing at first that the artist must paint what he feels and not what he sees, and then winding up in the last lecture with telling the student he must reject nothing, but copy literally even the defects in the model, and always permit himself such a latitude of digression, was not the best method for making clear his subject. Occasionally we meet with a careless indulgence of wordy exaggeration, as where, speaking of the expression of the infant Saviour, in the San Sisto Raphael, it is said, "Truly, that child is the *father* of the man, whose sad yet proud history is written in his wonderful experience;" and of Raphael, that his genius was "of a supernatural power;" or where the students are exhorted to avoid imitation of other painters—to abstain from "stripping the dead, to walk abroad in borrowed plumes." These strike the eye as gaudy patches of vulgar colour, and, so far from giving force, they often detract much from what is generally pleasant reading.

In his advice to students, Mr. O'Neil has spoken of "an influence which, from its power over public taste, may materially affect the artist's progress." What should this "influence" be but criticism. As Mr. O'Neil puts it, "The increasing interest felt on all matters pertaining to the Fine Arts has given birth to a Science from the influence of which our predecessors happily were entirely exempt—that science is public criticism." We accept the noble birth, but deny that it has ever been disgraced, or that the progress of art has been hindered by its anonymous character, as Mr. O'Neil asserts; on the contrary, we believe that in the main it has been preserved more honest and loyal to art. Mr. O'Neil repeats the exploded nonsense about artists being "the sole arbiters of artistic excellence, and therefore the sole fashioners of public taste," and that the value of a writer's opinions is not estimated by the public according to *his* reputation, but by that of the *journal* for which he writes. To argue against all criticism, as Mr. O'Neil does, because of the contradiction of opinions, is absurd. To like or dislike a picture is a matter of taste, and of course is endless in variety of opinion; one sees the chameleon green, another red. We are forced by this kind of attack to assert that the interest in art in the present day is not due to the remarkable genius of the age in painting and sculpture, and, so far as our judgment leads us, we should say that, without the wholesome corrective of that "influence" which Mr. O'Neil warns his young students against, the gallery of the Academy would have been vulgarized to the lowest point. As to art criticism in the hands of artists, it has always been notoriously as unfair as it was unreadable.

With all our cordial esteem for the author as an artist, and respect for the genuine love of his art that has evidently inspired him in his long study, we cannot regard these lectures as adequately affording all that is desirable in a course of systematic instruction in painting.

THE SEVEN BISHOPS OF THE TOWER.*

A WORK like the present, if executed with but moderate ability is sure to find numerous readers. There is no more agreeable mode of refreshing our recollection of public events, and making our young people acquainted with the otherwise dry details of history, than by biographical memoirs of leading characters. And in the present day, when close students of history are comparatively few, while

* The Lives of the Seven Bishops committed to the Tower in 1688. Enriched and Illustrated with Personal Letters, now First Published, from the Bodleian Library. By Agnes Strickland, Author of "The Lives of the Queens of England." London: Bell & Daldy.

there are numerous general readers who desire to gain a knowledge of it with as little trouble as possible, a book which combines the interest of a personal narrative with a study of public events, is just the thing to meet the wants of a very numerous class. Such a work, to be pronounced of the highest merit, should engage the interest of the reader in its heroes as individuals, by letting him into their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, with the customs and manners of their private as well as public life; while at the same time it should afford a distinct and faithful view of the events with which they were connected. There is some delicacy in this task: not to offend the well-informed reader, on the one hand, by a set repetition of facts with which he is familiar, nor, on the other, to puzzle the unread or the forgetful by proceeding on the supposition that he has a distinct knowledge of the political history of the period in question; but dexterously to interweave the historical information with the biographical narrative in such a way as not to appear to be instructing the ignorant. Let us add, that the author who would commend himself to historical students as well as to general readers, must carefully cite his authorities for every statement of fact that is not perfectly familiar and generally admitted.

Miss Strickland has already pleased a good many readers by her "Lives of the Queens of England," and "Lives of the Queens of Scotland"—both works of much greater extent and deeper interest than the present. Unfortunately, she has by these acquired the character of a very faulty writer. Her great failing is that she is too zealous a partisan to be a trustworthy historian. She is in politics a staunch Royalist, in religion a High Church-woman, and cannot find it in her heart to believe any serious fault attaching to those who adhered to those principles; while on the other hand she has not the generosity to see any good thing in a Whig or a Dissenter. This, the main fault of her previous works, is still more conspicuous in the present volume. The most superficial reader, who may have forgotten the facts and who has no means at hand of verifying or contradicting them, will say to himself, "I must hear the other side before accepting these statements." And yet it might not be easy to convict Miss Strickland of frequent mis-statements of facts. Her untruthfulness lies rather in the false colouring by which the deepest vices of a Jacobite are made to appear amiable weaknesses, while the best actions of those who opposed the Stuarts are attributed to unworthy motives. It is the prominence given to everything that is good—the veil of oblivion or the mantle of charity cast over everything that is bad—in individuals of the one party, while the contrary treatment is pursued with reference to those on the other side. But the lady has no reason to complain if even her alleged facts are suspected; for she has taken no such care to note the sources of her information as she did in her former works—a plan which gave much value to those volumes.

"The Seven Bishops" to whom the present volume invites our attention are those who in the year 1688 addressed a petition to King James II., praying to be excused from reading or ordering their clergy to read his "Declaration for Liberty of Conscience." And here we may remark in passing that to the uninitiated a declaration for liberty of conscience might justly appear a very proper thing; and, for the sake of such, the merits of the case between the King and the Bishops ought to have been much more distinctly explained. This author too often assumes that her readers are well acquainted with English history, with the state of parties, and the proclivities of the leading characters.

The resistance offered by these Seven Bishops to the unconstitutional proceedings of the King placed them together in the Tower for a few days, as they refused to enter into recognisances, and brought them together to be tried at the Court of King's Bench for conspiring against the Royal authority, of which they were all triumphantly acquitted. These proceedings, which doubtless precipitated the Revolution that drove the male line of the Stuarts from the throne of Great Britain, supply the ground upon which these seven biographical narratives, otherwise little connected with each other, are brought together in one volume, the story of their united struggle being told in the first, which is that of Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury. Some other features of their lot seem to have been common to all or most of them. Educated in Royalist principles, they were in early life driven from their respective colleges by Cromwell's Ironsides for refusing submission to their military despotism, but at and after the Restoration received rapid promotion in the Church. One remarkable difference of conduct, however, appeared in their later life; and in the mind of the author it imparts an utterly different colour to all that went before, separating them not even as sheep from goats, but as true sheep from wolves in sheep's clothing. It is that, at the accession of William and Mary, five of the seven refused to take the oaths of allegiance to them as the rightful sovereigns of these realms; while two accepted and, it would seem, even approved of the Revolution which placed the Prince and Princess of Orange on the throne. When we had read the first five "lives," and had been led to believe everything good of these champions of Protestantism, we were struck with the altered tone of the sixth—the *animus* with which acts similar to those made to look so graceful in the previous pages were here represented as the offspring of selfishness and duplicity, till we remembered that we must have come to the Bishops who swore allegiance to the new sovereigns, and remained in their sees. In the absence of citations, we see no more reason for representing Bishop Lloyd as in "secret correspondence with the Prince of Orange" than there was in the case of the venerable Archbishop Sancroft,

who is held up as a model of piety combined with loyalty. He was confessedly in correspondence with the Hague; and here, in a letter to the Princess of Orange, is a touching passage with reference to her father's Popish tendencies:—

"And though this (were it much more) cannot in the least shake or alter our steady loyalty to our sovereign and the royal family, yet it embitters the comforts left us, it blasts our present joys, and makes us sit down with sorrow in dust and ashes. Blessed be God, who hath caused some dawn of light to break from the eastern shore in the constancy of your Royal Highness and the excellent prince."

Miss Strickland does not show, and we think she would have shown if she could, that Dr. Lloyd's correspondence with the Prince of Orange had any other tone or tendency than that of Sancroft's with the Princess. They both deplored the King's political and religious views, as rendering him unfit to guide the helm of the State; and they looked to the Prince and Princess of Orange as the hope of the nation. The only difference was that, whereas Sancroft, with Lake, Ken, Turner, and White, would have had James controlled or disabled but not dethroned, Lloyd and Trelawny accepted the decision of Parliament which made William King, as he refused to take the forsaken helm on any other condition. The fact that Sir Jonathan Trelawny "blended the duties of the temporal with the ecclesiastical noble," is spoken of bitterly as an unprecedented attempt to reconcile incompatibilities; as though the man could help it, when the death of his elder brothers without heirs, devolved the baronetcy unexpectedly on him, who had already received consecration at the Bishop's hands—unless we are to believe that it was his duty, monk-like, to renounce his worldly patrimony, and to be content with the slender income he was then receiving from the Church. If, however, it is true that this prelate had an inveterate habit of profane swearing, and that, being reproved for it by one of his clerical brethren as very unbecoming in a bishop, he replied, "I do not swear as bishop; when I swear it is as Sir Jonathan Trelawny, a country gentleman and a baronet"—then indeed some inconsistency is manifest, and we hope it was Sir John who received the rejoinder we have heard elsewhere:—"But when the baronet is sent to hell for swearing, what will become of the bishop?"

While, however, we have no sympathy with that excessive Jacobitism which dips Miss Strickland's pen in gall whenever she has to portray a Whig of 1688, we can feel with her a deep respect for the men who at their peril withstood King James's encroachments on the Constitution, and yet would not acquiesce in his dethronement; who suffered deprivation of their sees, and retired to private life, some of them in real poverty, rather than concur in his deprivation of a throne which they deemed to belong to him by an inalienable right. The present generation has become familiar with making and unmaking kings at the will of the people. We are in danger of forgetting that the doctrine of Royal right derived from Parliament was new in 1688, and abhorrent to some of the holiest men of that age. The title to the throne was regarded as hereditary, and, in this sense, of divine appointment, in the same way as that of a squire to his land, of which nobody dreams he may be deprived on account of any amount of ill behaviour towards his tenantry. We have settled the principles of our Constitution otherwise now; but, keeping in view that no such settlement existed two centuries ago, we may read not without admiration these records of men who, in no spirit of faction, as it seems, but from a solemn sense of duty, refused to withdraw their allegiance from James II. Witness the admirable answer of Bishop Lake:—

"When assured by his friends and well-wishers that, if he persisted in his determination, his suspension would take place on the 1st of August, and his deprivation would follow on the 1st of February, 'No matter,' he replied, 'I will not take oaths which my conscience condemns. The hour of death and the day of judgment are as certain as the 1st of August and the 1st of February.'"

The hour of death came to this venerable prelate sooner than the 1st of February.

The same tone of feeling was manifested by Sancroft:—

"To those friends and well-wishers who represented the injury that would result to his worldly fortunes if he persisted in this determination, he replied with a smile, 'Well, I can live on fifty pounds a year.'"

Delicate as firm was his reply, when—

"The very day the Prince and Princess of Orange were proclaimed king and queen, the princess sent Dr. Stanley and another of her chaplains to Lambeth Palace, to solicit the Archbishop's blessing for her. 'Tell the princess,' replied the uncompromising primate, 'to ask her father's; without that, I doubt mine would not be heard in Heaven.'"

And so, when he retired to his little patrimony in Suffolk, he prepared this inscription for his tomb:—

"William Sancroft was born in this parish. Afterwards, by the providence of God, Archbishop of Canterbury; who, after he had lost all which he could not keep with a good conscience, returned hither to end his life, where he began it; and professed here, at the foot of his tomb, that, as naked he came forth, so naked he must return. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; as the Lord pleaseth, so come things to pass. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The biography of this saintly prelate is the gem of the book, and, so far as we can judge, the most truthful. The value of the remainder consists chiefly in the letters of the Bishops to the

Primate, revealing the condition of the English Church at that period, and its relations to the people, in a way we could scarcely gather so well by any other means. But as personal narratives, or sketches of character, they have little interest.

MISS BRADDON'S FIRST NOVEL.*

We do not think it was wise in Miss Braddon to republish this book. In the "announcement" which stands in the place of a preface, we are told that it was written at a time when the author felt an "exquisite emotion" at sight of a proof sheet. This virgin pleasure could not be repeated, and Miss Braddon must now only expect to find in its place those substantial consolations which ensue from popularity, and which may in some degree compensate for the loss of an "exquisite emotion." But Miss Braddon, while acknowledging that "The Trail of the Serpent" was written in extreme haste, will not confess that there is the least artistic fault in it; such as it is, she offers it now for the second time, warmed up as it were, and our generous appreciation is bespoken on its behalf after a severe sentence upon critics who may venture to use the term "sensation." We are not surprised at Miss Braddon's dislike for this word, and we agree with her that it has become perverted from its original sense; but the meaning which it now bears is as old as literature, and that is what Miss Braddon steadily refuses to understand. If she herself, as she more than hints, brought the expression into notoriety, whatever disrepute is attached to it must have come after that event, or rather, we should say, was simultaneous with it, for, in fact, no sooner did Miss Braddon get to be known than "sensation" was universally chosen as the most fitting epithet to apply to her books. With all her demonstrative disregard for criticism, we believe critics have done her good service, and we regret that in the present case she throws down the gauntlet, and protests against certain canons of taste as "modern," and therefore, we are to infer, worthless. Does Miss Braddon venture to think that if she had gone on writing novels of the same class as "The Trail of the Serpent" she would have commanded the attention of any other audience than that of the readers of the penny paper in which "The Trail" originally appeared? The best proof that she cannot entertain so cynical an opinion of her admirers lies in the fact that she has written, even in her peculiar line, far better works, and has avoided those violent outrages on probability and on reason with which every page of this volume is distorted. She should not boast that the work has been "in no manner reconstructed." We should have thought all the more of her if she had treated this book as the gentleman did a cucumber, who, after seeing that the slicing, the peppering, and the vinegaring was properly done, flung it incontinently out of the window. To an authoress so fertile as Miss Braddon, a novel more or less would not be of much account, and beyond a doubt the reprinting of "The Trail" puts her once more completely at the mercy of her worst-disposed critics. We are not of that number, and, in the remarks we may have occasion to make, would have it understood that we believe it to be a prevailing impertinence in criticism to identify a writer's personality with the writer's composition. Miss Braddon is often vulgar in "The Trail of the Serpent," but we should no more charge her with vulgarity than we should charge gentlemen who write burlesques and farces with the street and tap-room characteristics which they impose upon the actors. Low art, sinning from excess, can never be anything but low, whether exhibited in the stamp and shout of a nigger minstrel, in the performances at Dutch theatres recorded by Smollett, or in the ramping antics of a cheap ballet. If Miss Braddon chooses to assume a part, her language must be dressed for it. Her style is the manner of her book, but not necessarily her own. The style of "The Trail of the Serpent" could not well be worse, nor could it possibly be good. The book consists of a number of known melo-dramatic effects studied from the French and from the police, and plans for bringing them about of a sure and ascertained kind. There are people whom fustian thrills, who are puzzled by real sentiment, who must hear loud music with plenty of drum when they go to hear music at all, who hail an old joke with fervour, but regard a new one askance, who take their emotion hot and hot, and whose palates, in short, mental and physical, are dull, uneducated, and unable to taste anything but the strongest and the coarsest meats. Miss Braddon admits having addressed this class in the beginning, and she now considers she has sufficiently made the taste by which her books are to be enjoyed, to offer "The Trail" to general readers "in no manner reconstructed." We imagine that Miss Braddon will lose by this in more ways than one. Those who have perused her later works with a certain amount of zest will, if they take up this work, feel that her means of interesting are derived from obvious and unpleasant sources. In "The Trail" may be described Miss Braddon in the making. The whole plant is here discovered without an effort at concealment. The murders are thrown in thick and slab, exclamations, paragraphs, and situations, villainy embracing fratricide and wholesale poisoning, detectives miraculously detective, and even a coffin in the last act, a coffin with a living tenant, who escapes death by tarpaulin and the gallows, and dies ultimately of his own ring; all these would seem to exhaust the resources of an ordinary romancist. In the first forty-six pages there are two murders and a suicide, while a little farther on we

get a fratricide, as it were for a change. The old play of "The Courageous Turk" announced:—

"If the first part, gentle, like you well,
The second shall still greater murders tell."

Miss Braddon has followed the principle of "The Courageous Turk."

The moral danger of dealing with crime as the sole element of fiction is here frequently shown. If you are depending on rascality for the success of a book, the rascality must at least be popular, and to make it popular is not the calling of literature. Miss Braddon might take a leaf of instruction from her own book:—

"I don't like these subjects," continued the Marquis, "even the handling of Victor Hugo cannot make them otherwise than repulsive, and then again there is something to be said on the score of their evil tendency. They set a dangerous example. . . . We don't want our wives and daughters to learn how they may poison us without fear of detectives."

Miss Braddon, however, supplies a detective equal to any occasion. Of course, when you invent the occasion, it is not so difficult to invent a detective who will come up to it; but we feel assured that Mr. Peters is completely new in that line of article. When Richard Marwood is on his trial, Mr. Peters signals to him, on what Miss Braddon terms his "dirty alphabet," that he is to feign madness, Mr. Peters being dumb, and otherwise unable to communicate his brilliant suggestions. Accordingly, Richard Marwood declares himself in open court to be Napoleon the First, and by this ingenious device has his sentence commuted to confinement in a lunatic asylum. In getting him out, Mr. Peters did not recommend dressing him up as "an old woman with a green wale," a mode of breaking prison patented by Mr. Weller, sen.; but what he did do we must leave our readers to discover, who may be curious enough to look into this extraordinary work. It somewhat resembled the other scheme proposed by the gentleman we have just quoted for releasing Pickwick, and which consisted in a design for smuggling that worthy individual into the body of a grand pianoforte. As a narrative, nothing can be more tawdry than "The Trail." Mr. Dickens is coolly caricatured in the opening in such fashion as this:—

"As to his name Jabez North, it is not to be supposed that when some wretched drab (mad with madness, or wretched to what intensity of wretchedness, who shall guess?) throws her hapless and sickly offspring into the river, it is not, I say, to be supposed that she puts his card-case in his pocket, with his name and address inscribed in neat copperplate upon enamelled cards therein."

We should very much wish to know who would suppose so idiotic a circumstance, and it is a little superfluous to provide for a contingency which is the least likely thing in the world to occur. This is a fault of Mr. Dickens' repeated second-hand. Elsewhere we find that author similarly complimented:—

"If the river, as a thing eternal in comparison to man,—if the river had been a prophet and had had a voice in its waters wherewith to prophesy, I wonder whether it would have cried—'A shame and a dishonour, an enemy and an avenger in the days to come.'"

This sort of trick is very well when well done, and Miss Braddon has used it with effect elsewhere; but here we observe her learning it, and not proficient enough to perform it without the copy before her. There is a writer with whom for a moment we would desire to compare Miss Braddon, if only to show her that a book even with a terrible guilt for its climax, might be removed from the region of "sensation." Hawthorne, in his "Transformation," gets Donatello and Miriam to commit a cruel murder, and he depicts the remorse of the criminals with a power, a pathos, and a dignity by which the attention is distracted from the details of the cause into an admiration for the effect, that effect being due to a knowledge of art, without which Miriam and Donatello might poison and murder as many persons as they would be sure to do under Miss Braddon's direction, and we take it as easily as we do the horrors of "The Trail." And with an aim such as Hawthorne had in "Transformation"—an aim clear and simple—the incidents, however intrinsically violent, must shape into a noble and a lasting form. Miss Braddon will not surrender to the "canons of modern literary criticism;" yet such men as Hawthorne condescended to observe rules as novel as those of Horace, which Miss Braddon may think modern. We admit there is truth in the saying, that art can never define a boundary for itself, and that genius will, from time to time, step outside those well-intentioned efforts at restriction which taste imposes; but there are offences against taste about which there can be no mistake or cavil, and genius, to triumph, must avoid them. For Miss Braddon to hold by her crude follies in literature, and endeavour to run upon us a work of this kind, is a venture on her part which is more creditable to her courage than her judgment. Surely she must regret having written trash such as a "forest of black ringlets," and expressions of a similar sort? About the only character in the book for whom we can say anything is the Marquis de Cevennes. He is of the stage, stagey; the awfully cruel sybarite who believes in Voltaire—a kind of Don Juan, shining with French polish, and ready to do service in the pages of "Mysteries" and disclosures of the Reynolds pattern. This is the manner in which Miss Braddon makes him allude to his wife, and we give it as a sample of the best chapter in the work:—

"When you married the woman whom you abandoned to starvation and despair, you loved her, I suppose?"

"I dare say I did; I have no doubt I told her so, poor thing!"
"And a few months after your marriage you wearied of her, as you would have done of any other plaything."

"As I would have done of any other plaything! Poor dear child, she was dreadfully wearisome. Her relations too. Heaven and earth, what relations! They were looked upon in the light of human beings at Slopperton; but they were wise to keep out of Paris, for they'd have been most decidedly put into the Jardin des Plantes; and really, said the marquis, thoughtfully, 'behind bars, and aggravated by fallacious offers of buns from small children, they would have been rather amusing.'

We make no attempt to analyse or explain the plot, and it would be difficult for us to do so—almost as difficult as if we were asked to describe the plot of Mr. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." The various personages move in orbits quite as supernatural as those in which Aladdin or Sinbad revolved. The incidents are just as improbable, and as a rule the reasons given for them are on a par with those upon which the adventures in the "Thousand and One Nights" are based. We are candid with Miss Braddon, because we have readily acknowledged the advances she recently made in her profession, and which we trusted would be either permanent or progressive. If she is prepared for the future to despise the "canons of modern literary criticism," as she has done in "The Trail of the Serpent," we shall have lost an excellent writer of fiction in a mere ephemeral caterer for the excitement of those whom she herself calls "non-critical readers."

THE CONFLICT OF GOOD AND EVIL.*

ANY work from the pen of Mr. Maurice is certain to command attention, abounding, as it must, in original thought, striking views of the subject, and opinions calculated to charm large classes of readers by their novelty and heterodoxy. The volume before us in no one of these respects is behind the former productions of this author. The singularities of his mind are freely reflected on its pages; his well-known views on the Atonement and the final salvation of all mankind are reproduced, and "free-thinking" vindicated with a vigour and earnestness which it is impossible not to respect, however otherwise we may be compelled to dissent from his conclusions. Mr. Maurice is no mean antagonist in controversy. There are not many who can with greater skill lay prostrate an adversary who has made a false move, making him look ridiculously helpless the while; and of his capabilities in this line the present work is a remarkable exemplification. It is written in the form of a series of letters to a missionary, offering some suggestions as to the peculiar difficulties to be overcome in his field of labour, but is based on some warnings of the Bishop of Oxford, which serve the double purpose of supplying it with subject-matter and an appropriate text. The admonitions referred to were uttered by the Bishop, in an eloquent speech delivered by him about a year ago at a meeting of the two societies for the Propagation of the Gospel and for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and are concerned chiefly about the cattle plague, cholera, and the intolerance of infidelity. Few persons would expect to find Mr. Maurice agreeing with the Bishop of Oxford; but here he does agree with him, adopting his warnings, except so far as they are overlaid with "flowers of rhetoric," which to him appear "artificial and tawdry" in admonitions which "demanded, if any ever did, simplicity and sternness, an abstinence from anything that had the air of display and trifling." "Allusions to the cholera and cattle plague, blended with language concerning Antichrist," he also thinks, "gave that language a sensational, even a grotesque, character." With these exceptions, and also that of disapprobation of the Bishop's attacks on Dr. Colenso, Mr. Maurice accepts the admonitions, putting them, however, into such points of view that it becomes quite amusing, almost laughable, to see how skilfully he turns Dr. Wilberforce's eloquent thunder against himself.

"Free-thinking" is the leading question considered in the volume; and the text by which it is introduced is the remarkable passage of the Bishop's speech in which, charging unbelief with intolerance, he says:—

"I have no doubt that unbelief contains within itself the seed of the most intensely hating persecution which the world has ever seen. Instead of being tolerant, I believe it is the very perfection of intolerance. I believe, when it has achieved its own victory, toleration will be the thing which, above all others, it will hate with an intensity short only of the hatred which the evil spirit has for the simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

What Dr. Wilberforce is here aiming at is tolerably manifest; and, if the popular opinion as to that prelate's heart's desire is not a mistaken one, it is not improbable that he finds in this perfection of intolerance in unbelief a good excuse for having a lesser degree of it in Christianity as a counterpoise, and for reviving some of the wholesome restraining discipline of the Middle Ages. If infidelity and scepticism have in them the seed of an "intensely hating persecution," why may not the Church persecute in retaliation with an intense hatred also? Mr. Maurice is of opinion that the consequence by no means follows; unbelief may be a persecutor, but the persecutor is necessarily an unbeliever. Be he bishop, or priest, or layman, he pins his faith to the devil's method of propagating divine truth, and distrusts

God's method. Intolerance in every form, whether in infidel or in Christian, is devil-worship. When Christians have recourse to it they forsake the worship of God, and offer sacrifices to devils; they forsake truth for falsehood, faith for unbelief. Free-thinking Mr. Maurice defends to the utmost as essential to vital religion. "The name of free-thinker," he says, "is one which we should honour in any one who claims it for himself." But he denies that free-thinking and Atheism have any necessary connection. The notion that "the freest thought" must be "atheistical thought," appears to him to be "the most frightful example of theological indistinctness that can be imagined,"—of that indistinctness which the Bishop of Oxford considers to be one of the crimes of our age. The following passage from his fourth letter is strikingly illustrative of the strength of Mr. Maurice's convictions on this question:—

"The maxims we are to learn are these:—Be afraid of thinking. Close your minds under bolts and bars. Else this result is inevitable, you will cease to believe. The feeling that freedom of thought and unbelief are inseparable, that one must generate the other, is becoming more and more fixed in those who are at war on all other points. A man who denies Christianity may be told by his religious friends that he is in great peril, that he is trifling with his immortal soul; but they at once concede to him that he has claimed a freedom to think, which they dare not exercise. They implore him to put on the fetters which they wear. Such fetters, he is told, are only painful at first—custom makes them easy."

He then adds:—

"O damnable doctrine, preached in our pulpits, preached in our market-places, leading indeed to the perdition of men's souls, producing all the worldliness of thought and practice which religious men profess to hate and abjure, blighting all that is strong, hopeful, youthful, in young men, establishing some of them in the conviction that all thought of unseen things must be unreal, sealing others in impenetrable hypocrisy! Yes, we have here the doctrine of devils," &c.

Thus, by giving to the word "unbelief" a peculiar meaning different from that in which Dr. Wilberforce used it, does Mr. Maurice turn the tables, and prove that even a bishop of the Church of England of the soundest orthodoxy may be an "unbeliever." The reasoning is most ingenious, its details are worked out with skill and with great respect for the Bishop, whose name is never mentioned but to approve of and accept his admonitions, all of which are, however, by a palpable implication, turned against himself. The manoeuvre is altogether a play upon words, a pure fallacy of ambiguity; but it is nevertheless amusing by the cleverness with which it outwits the dogmatic Bishop, and hoists him on his own petard.

The argument is followed up in the seventh letter, on Conversion, in which the nature of that change is explained, and an attempt made to show that St. Paul was a persecutor only so long as he was an unbeliever, and that he ceased to persecute when he learned Christ, and experienced the liberty of the Gospel. Conversion, according to Mr. Maurice, is not proselytism, or a change from one religion to another. St. Paul's conversion is the instance from which we may best derive a correct notion of the true nature of the change. That Apostle did not forsake the Jewish religion when he became a Christian; in fact, never until then had he truly been a Jew. He continued in his own person to observe the ordinances of the Jewish religion; he journeyed to the great festivals in Jerusalem, and purified himself after the law of Moses in the Temple. Before the great change was wrought, and in the height of the persecution which he led against the disciples of Christ, he was neither an Atheist nor a sceptic, but an intensely religious man, as full of zeal for God and orthodoxy as the Bishop of Oxford is. But all the while he was a persecutor, blinded by a zeal without knowledge, living in ignorance and unbelief, but yet thinking he was doing God service, while in truth he was engaged in the service of Satan. Before conversion he was a proselytizer, inducing men to change from one religion to another; after conversion, he simply sought to turn them from Satan to God. On this distinction Mr. Maurice lays great stress—that conversion is not a change from one set of opinions to another set of opinions, but from a dark god to a God of goodness and light. We may convert a Roman Catholic, or a Jew, or an Atheist, or a heathen man, from Satan to God; but "we must not convert him from his opinions to our opinions." It is a novel and startling doctrine; and Mr. Maurice applies it unsparingly. By the missionary abroad it is the one rule to be applied to the English colonist and the savage, the former of whom requires as much to be drawn from devil-worship as the latter. At home it is the central point in which Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Unitarians, and Dissenters of every shade may meet in harmony, however they diverge in dogma.

Such are Mr. Maurice's views of unbelief, proselytism, and persecution, and of their mutual dependence. We have dwelt on them because of their being the most important topics treated in the volume; also on account of the singular views respecting them held by the author. With these latter, however, we are not altogether prepared to concur. It is no doubt true that conversion is a change from Satan to God; but how is this to be brought about without at least some of the convert's opinions also undergoing change? Religion must have a reality to rest on, and that reality must be represented by a belief, or an opinion, which must be right, and cannot be wrong. If so, it is not easy to see why, in attempting the conversion of a Jew, or Roman Catholic, or heathen, "we must not desire to convert him from his opinions to our opinions." If his opinions about God are wrong, assuredly

* The Conflict of Good and Evil. Twelve Letters to a Missionary. By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A., Incumbent of St. Peter's, Marylebone. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

must be right to desire him to change them. Mr. Maurice has very truly described the religious creed of the savage as a belief in malevolent demons, who desire man's destruction, and who must therefore be propitiated by sacrifices. He has shown that, in order to convert such persons, they must be taught that God is not man's destroyer, but his benefactor, and that famine and pestilence, cattle plague and cholera, in his hand, work for good, compel men "to moral effort, to physical purification." Assuredly, then, if Mr. Maurice be right in all this, the savage must change one opinion at least on becoming a Christian; and, if one, why not a score or five score? Nor can we see why the Roman Catholic, or the Jew, or the Mohammedan, should not also be called on to change his opinions on turning from Satan to God, if he has previously had false conceptions of God and of his ways. We can hardly believe that Mr. Maurice really means that the fetish-worshipper can become a Christian without changing a single one of his opinions for one of ours; but he certainly has expressed himself as though he did mean it.

Nor can we altogether believe that intolerance, or what is often called by that name, is wholly and always the offspring of unbelief. St. Paul certainly was not a persecutor after his conversion, but without a doubt he prescribed delivering a certain Corinthian to Satan for a season, as a wholesome discipline. What would Mr. Maurice say of the Bishop of Oxford if in these days, after this apostolic model, he were to excommunicate some profligate Churchman in his diocese? Would he not brand him as intolerant and a persecutor? The meek and affectionate St. John directs those to whom he wrote his second epistle, that if there come any unto them, and "bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed." What would Mr. Maurice call this but persecution? Is it not the very thing he condemns as devil-worship? Mr. Maurice has said several good things in this book; but on this point it is clearly impossible to agree with him. After all, there is a certain amount of disapproval of false opinion by Christians which is just and allowable. It is unfair to brand it with the name of intolerance; for it is simply disapprobation accompanied by a certain amount of honest indignation, but yet perfectly free from the least taint of devil-worship. Thus much at least we gather from the instances cited of St. Paul and St. John.

THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

THE *Social Science Review* seems to grow in vigour and ability with the increasing recognition of the high importance of the subjects of which it treats, and the present number strikes us as one of the best we have seen. Mr. William Blower, M.R.C.S., contributes an interesting and carefully written article on epidemics, which can hardly fail of arresting attention at the present moment, when one of the youngest-born of these mysterious visitants is raging amongst us. Epidemics occur at distinct intervals, separated by periods of repose, when only sporadic cases of the disease are to be met with. The seat of the epidemic influence must be in the earth, either at or immediately below its surface, and its extent is usually well defined. Since epidemics occur at detached localities, the intervening spaces being free from their influence, and often travel against the wind, their seat cannot be the atmosphere. Two epidemics never exist simultaneously in the same locality. The duration of epidemics usually exhibits three stages—commencement, persistence, and decline. In the commencement they spread with great rapidity; the symptoms are more severe, the disease is more fatal, and the period of incubation is extremely short; as the disease begins to decline, these features become reversed. Other diseases are less frequent during their prevalence, and those which do occur exhibit a tendency towards the peculiar type of the epidemic—a predisposition more or less discoverable even in the majority of those persons who may be said to retain their health. A disease in its epidemic form is more fatal than when it occurs sporadically. Epidemics are influenced by altitude. Most general at the lowest levels, they gradually diminish as the elevation increases, and disappear altogether at a certain height. Epidemics have a limited range, and do not pass over the particular latitudes or isothermal lines within which the sporadic form of the disease occurs. They are usually preceded by magnetic storms, earthquakes, and atmospheric disturbances. After the occurrence of an epidemic, there is often a marked absence of the diseases usually prevalent in the locality. A pestilence arising from local causes, as in a town during a siege, or in an army from neglect of sanitary precautions, spreading purely by contagion, must not be confounded with a true epidemic, of which it wants the diffusive character. Modern epidemics are plague, yellow-fever, cholera, typhus, influenza, ague, and dysentery. The principal outbreaks of epidemics during the present century have been typhus in 1818-19, ague in 1827-8, cholera in 1831-2, 1848-9, and in 1853-4, and influenza in 1837. Another paper, no less opportune and interesting, takes up the subject of Administrative Reform, to which, it intimates, the Earl of Derby stands solemnly pledged. It appears that, in 1852, Mr. Disraeli declared it to be the opinion of Ministers that our systems of administration were behind the intelligence of the age, that they were most desirous to introduce vital reforms into these departments, and that the subject would be brought deliberately before Parliament if the financial measures proposed by Lord Derby's Cabinet should be approved. These measures, it is well known, were rejected, and the Ministry resigned. It was a maxim of ancient English law that a Minister of the Crown holds his office in trust to discharge its duties, that he is bound to acquire a competent knowledge of all that concerns it, and that he cannot carelessly hand it over to his subordinates. "The best man shall be recommended by Ministers for employment by the Crown," says a statute of the Plantagenets, "and they who seek such employment by favour shall be disqualified by so seeking." In this, as in so many other instances, the usages to which we have

gradually grown accustomed by the practices attendant upon a corrupt representative government, are such as would have shocked the common sense of our ancestors. "The Social Condition of France," by T. A. Welton, F.S.S., is an abstract of an elaborate paper read before the Statistical Society of London in January, and published in *extenso* in the Society's Journal for June, and is full of facts of great value and importance in illustrating the condition of the inhabitants and the industrial resources of the country. "Jules César, or a Scene at Biarritz in 1865," is a somewhat rough attack on the Imperial system, and winds up by suggesting as a motto for the new edition of "Jules César" by the Emperor the following judgment by Milton:—"César's object was to delude the Roman people. He knew them well, and he knew they would believe anything, however inconsistent, that their favourite heroes told them." "The Vitality of the Jewish Race in Europe," by M. Michel Lévy, from the *Annales d'Hygiène Publique* for April, will well reward the reader.

The *Anthropological Review* appears to us on the whole hardly an average number, though it opens with an interesting paper on the comparative anthropology of Scotland by Hector Maclean, Esq., illustrated by a plate presenting thirteen types of Scottish heads. On these we must observe that the *carte de visite* size employed is too small to be satisfactory, and that every type should be illustrated in at least three positions, of which profile should always form one. Only one of the present thirteen illustrations gives the profile, which greatly lessens their value as scientific records. The people anciently called Scots called themselves *Gaedal*, *Gael*, or *Gaoidhil*—words derived from *deal* or *geal*, light or whiteness. Thus their national appellation was fair men. They called themselves also *Fein*, and sometimes *Sciut*. *Fein* also means white, or fair, whilst *Scot syod* is the sheet of a sail, and figuratively implies power or superiority. The first name given by the Romans to the inhabitants of North Britain was *Caledonii*—*Gael daoine*, the fair kindred. *Celtae* is from *gaolta*, relatives—men of the same nation. With regard to the language of North Britain at the time of the arrival of the Dalreadians, or Irish Scots, there are good grounds for inferring it to have been a dialect of Gaelic more nearly allied to Cymraeg and other British dialects than the language of Ireland. There are no grounds for concluding that all the dialects of South Britain were nearer Cymraeg than Gaelic. The Bretons do not call themselves *Cymry*, whilst they call their language Breton, and the French Gallo. Anciently Gaelic was spoken in the whole of the country north of the Frith of Forth, and also in the south-west. Entering the south-east, the Anglo-Saxon dialect gradually extended north and west. It has borrowed many words from Gaelic and British, and has undergone the change which a language undergoes in becoming that of an alien people. Idiomatic phrases are the test of original purity of language. A blundering use of *shall* and *will* is so characteristic of Scotchmen that a celebrated essayist asserts that a London apprentice boy can use these words more correctly than they are used by Hume and Robertson. A glance at Barbour's "Bruce" and at Burns's poems will show how much the Anglo-Saxon language of Scotland has altered. The language of Barbour is good Anglian; that of Burns is one peculiar to Scotland—a new speech formed out of a foreign one. All words ending in *l* have lost the final letter, and the proportion of vowel sounds to consonants is considerably greater than in English, clearly showing how a foreign language acquired by a people is affected by the characteristics of the one which it had displaced. The proceedings of the Paris Anthropological Society forms as usual the most interesting and valuable portion of the Review.

The *Intellectual Observer* presents its readers with a coloured frontispiece which, as far as we can discover, is neither designed to illustrate any fact in science nor theory in art, but simply to please the eye. We should have thought that a frontispiece more in harmony with the title and objects of the periodical would not only have been more appropriate but more conducive to success in promoting its circulation. The interesting "Notes on Fungi," by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S., of which No. VI. appears in this August number, would have had their value and interest much increased by a plate of illustrations, and these beautiful objects of the vegetable kingdom would have afforded full scope for a display of the colouring now lavished upon a landscape with human figures representing two devout Mussulmans at prayer. After this quasi censure, we are happy to be able to state that, in interest and scientific value, the present number worthily maintains the reputation of its predecessors. "Photography as a Fine Art" is a thoughtful paper showing much insight, and well worth perusal by all who feel any interest in art, admirably pointing out and explaining, as it does, the error of estimating pictures according to the amount of realism which they exhibit. Accurate observation of nature soon teaches us how soon the limits of realistic imitation are reached. The field of the artist is to transpose the facts of nature into the technical language of art. The peculiar scale of light, shade, and colour, is necessarily lower, and in many respects different from nature. No real imitation of sunlight, or the light emitted by fire, is possible, and only to a slight extent can he imitate the strength of white light as seen in nature. "The art of the colourist is shown in his power of transposing what nature has composed in keys of actual light into corresponding but not resembling keys, such as his pigments enable him to provide." "Chacornac's Solar Theories" are explained at some length; we cannot but consider them at present as in the highest degree speculative and hardly deserving of the name of inductions. An interesting account is given of the "Ascent of Cader Idris," by D. Macintosh, F.G.S., with a coloured plate. A paper on the coming meteor shower, expected on the morning of the 14th November next, gives a description of a "Meteor Spectroscope," invented by Mr. Alexander Herschel. Professor Newton, of Yale College, U.S., is the authority for expecting that in the present year a prodigious flight of meteors, visible over a large area of the earth's surface, will make its appearance, probably for the last time in the present century, either on the morning of the 13th or on the 14th of November. Proceeding from a common centre in the constellation Leo, they should be especially looked for

between midnight and sunrise, and may be expected in greatest abundance between three and four, A.M. In "Animal Life in South Africa," by W. Chichester, Esq., many interesting peculiarities of the animal world in those regions illustrative of the economy of nature, and not generally given in narratives of travel and sporting adventure, will be found. We must not omit to notice that Dr. Curtis's beautiful and, as a means of scientific illustration, invaluable process of Photo-Micrography, is clearly and briefly explained in a communication from Dr. J. J. Woodward, of the Medical and Microscopical Department in the Army Medical Museum, U.S.

Hardwicke's Science Gossip.—The present number well fulfils its programme of furnishing its readers with attractive and instructive gossip on Science, and affording at the same time a ready vehicle for the record of observations and exchange of ideas to the numerous cultivators of natural history. The present number contains an interesting notice on the Black and Brown Rats, from "Quatrefages' Rambles of a Naturalist." "The black rat, which has become more and more rare, is disappearing daily from the continent of Europe in consequence of a revolution, not less bloody, though less generally known, than those which the barbarians of the North brought in former times upon the empires of the more civilized world. For ages, the mouse, which was the only representative of this family known, to the ancients, lived at our expense, with no enemy to fear in its quasi-domestic state, save man, whom it pillaged, and the cat, which the lords of the creation had called to their aid against an enemy which had been rendered formidable by its very diminutiveness and timidity. During the Middle Ages, the black rat, coming no one knew from whence, spread itself over Europe and attacked the mouse, who, too feeble to resist his ferocious antagonist, was obliged to share with him his old haunts, only escaping complete destruction by retiring within his narrow galleries, whither the enemy could not pursue him. At the beginning of the last century, the Norway or brown rat, brought by merchant-vessels from India, appeared in Europe, and at once began to wage an exterminating war against the black rat. Its greater strength, ferocity, and fecundity enabled it rapidly to gain ground. This rat first appeared in England in 1730; twenty years later, it was observed in France, but at the period when Buffon wrote his immortal work, it was only met with in the environs of Paris, and had not yet penetrated to the city. At the present day, it is the only rat met with in the capital and in the greater part of the provinces. Its partiality for water and the readiness with which it swims have enabled it to follow the courses of rivers, and by ascending the smallest affluents it has contrived to diffuse itself over the whole country. It has driven the black rat before it, exterminating it in many of our provinces and forcing it to take refuge in mills or isolated farms."

Geological Magazine.—The opening article is on "Ancient Sea-Margins in Clare and Galway," by G. H. Kinahan, F.R.G.S.I., and is illustrated by three woodcuts. The remarkable escarpments which occur in the Burren Hills, Galway, were first pointed out by Professor King, and attributed to sea action during the upheaval of the British area after its submergence in the middle of the Glacial period; every escarpment indicating a separate stage or stoppage in the upheaval. Mr. Kinahan points out that the Atlantic is now cutting a similar escarpment in the nearly horizontal beds of the carboniferous limestone in the south-western shore of the island of Inismore, at the mouth of Galway Bay. There are from four to seven terraces, the highest cut out by the high spring tides, the next by the high neap tides, another by the low neap tides, and a fourth by the low spring tides; often with from one to three intermediate terraces, whilst less frequently two or more of the terraces are merged into one when joints occur perpendicular to the action of the waves, whilst above the whole of the terraces is a block beach, formed of huge boulders hurled up during the winter gales. In the Burren mountains there are three well-marked escarpments at different heights; the first about 980 feet above the present sea level; the second about 650; and the third about 300 feet. The second article by George Man, Esq., F.R.G.S., is on the now much agitated question of watersheds and the relative influence of sea and subaerial or rain and river denudation in determining the ultimate contour of the surface of the land. Mr. Man insists, and we fully agree with him, that the form of the whole land-surface, with such trifling exceptions as lake basins, "is merely a modification of the same principle of contour as the true river valley, exhibiting a system of watersheds by which almost every part of the land is connected with the sea by adjacent land on a graduated series of levels lower than itself." Irresistible evidence in favour of this conclusion is furnished by the fact that you can approach the sea as a rule from any part of the earth's surface in an unbroken line of descent. Yet the surface must have been left with great diversity of outline by upheavals, making evident that a denuding power has been at work, and replaced the chaos of contour by a wonderful system of ever-descending levels from the mountain's top to the sea-side. Article III., "On the Structure of the Valleys of the Blackwater and the Crouch, and of the East Essex Gravel, and on the Relation of this Gravel to the Denudation of the Weald," by Searles V. Wood, Jun., F.G.S., is full of facts, a most carefully written paper, minutely illustrated by an elaborate map. Mr. Wood maintains that the valley of the Thames is not of a similar order and age to the valleys of the Somme and Seine, as has been hitherto supposed; that it had no outlet to the North Sea, being separated from it by a tract of gravelless country; but that it opened into what is now the chalk country of the counties of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, inclusive of the interval subsequently scooped out to form the valley of the Weald, so that not only was the latter valley newer than that of the Thames and its most recent deposits, but these deposits in themselves marked a long descent in time from the comparatively remote period of the boulder clay. We notice in the correspondence a letter from Mr. G. P. Scrope on the subject of the controversy carried on between Professor Jukes and himself as to the relative influence of subterranean forces, or the surface action of water in determining the configuration of the

earth. Mr. Scrope insists that oscillations of level which have in some localities lifted beds of seashells hundreds of feet, and Tertiary marine strata thousands above the sea-level, leaving portions of the same beds unmoved at no great horizontal distance, or even depressed, cannot be styled "insignificant," or of little moment, in an inquiry as to the causes of the form of the ground. No upheaval or depression of surface-rocks can take place without leaving proportional inequalities, and these inequalities have mainly determined both the direction and the force of the external denuding agencies. On the whole, the present number of this journal is replete with matter of great scientific interest and importance to the geological world.

SHORT NOTICES.

Julius Cæsar: did he Cross the Channel? By the Rev. Scott F. Surtees, Rector of Sprotbrough, Yorkshire. (J. R. Smith.)—It has always been a question with historians and antiquaries whether Julius Cæsar really crossed the Channel from Calais, and effected a landing at Dover. The commonly-received opinion is that he did; but writers have been found to dispute this. Mr. Scott Surtees is one of the sceptics. In the little treatise before us, he starts by affirming "that Cæsar never set foot in Boulogne or Calais, never crossed the Channel, or set eyes on Deal or Dover, but that he sailed from some place in front of the mouth of the Rhine or Scheldt, most probably from a peninsula forming the fore-shore of the Walcheren; that he made the coast of Britain, in his first expedition, off Cromer; that in his second he proposed to make the land at or near Wells, and, being carried a little beyond the point, found himself off Hunstanton, and, pulling into the shore at Bremaster Bay, fixed there his camp." This is not the view favoured by the Emperor Napoleon, in his "Life of Cæsar;" but Mr. Scott Surtees affirms that, in order to support his conviction that the great Roman crossed from Gaul, his Imperial Majesty has been obliged to do some violence to historical records, and to draw considerably on mere conjecture. In the elucidation of his own theory, Mr. Surtees exhibits a great deal of ingenuity and scholarship; but we cannot here follow the somewhat difficult train of his reasoning, and we must leave it to those who have specially studied the subject to determine whether his views are or are not conclusive on the points which he has undertaken to discuss.

A Sea-side Sensation. By Chas. H. Ross. (George Routledge & Sons.)—We have very seldom read, even in these days of dismal comicality, any more stupid fooling than the fun of Mr. Charles Ross. It is really puzzling to conceive the sort of mind capable of being amused by a production of this kind. The circumstance which helps us to an explanation of the phenomenon is, that as there are people who buy music-hall songs, and go to hear them sung, there are also persons with a taste so vitiated as to be moved to a feeling other than a sad contempt for works of a class like that now before us. The thing reeks with vulgarity from the first page to the last. The prints are on a level with, perhaps a shade lower than, the letter-press. Occasionally they incline to a genteel prurience, after the fashion of cheap and nasty *cartes*. There is nothing positively indecent in these pages; but the dreariness of the jokes could scarcely be equalled by the efforts of a clown to amuse the audience of a travelling circus. We purposely dwell a little on the "Seaside Sensation," as at this time of the year the reading public is more than usually liable to inflictions of a similar character.

Our Postal and Revenue Establishments. By a Civil Servant. (F. Pitman.)—The object of this rather alarming looking book—by far the larger part of which consists of an Appendix, consisting of "Extracts from the Minutes of Evidence taken before the Horsfall Committee, in 1862 and 1863"—is to show that our postal establishments might be utilized for the receipt and payment of revenue moneys, the granting of licences, and the sale of stamps, in all provincial towns; and, furthermore, that there should be a thorough amalgamation and consolidation of the surveying branches of the postal and revenue establishments. The subject is, of course, worth considering, and we cannot do better than refer the curious to the "Civil Servant's" elaborate, but somewhat heavy, volume.

The Rock, and Other Poems.—(Longmans & Co.)—*A Waif on the Stream.* By S. M. Butchers. (Trübner & Co.)—We have here two volumes of verse: one rather above the average, the other decidedly below. The anonymous author exhibits grace and feeling, but is too discursive and fragmentary. The lady indulges in this preface:—"As a child, on a brooklet's bosom, launches his paper boat, so send I forth this little venture on a stream of loves. So frail a bark would be o'erwhelmed did unkind winds but breathe thereon. It is not meant to live through storms, but to float down a kindly stream, where friendly hands will guide its course, for her sake who freights it now with loving messages to all her friends." The poems are in the same fashion.

Curiosities of Literature. By J. D'Israeli. A New Edition, in One Volume. (Routledge & Sons.)—The "Curiosities of Literature" of the elder D'Israeli, father of our present Chancellor of the Exchequer, has long been known as one of the pleasantest miscellanies of bookish learning ever put forth in the English language. Hitherto, however, it has existed only for the few. In the present neat edition, the whole is produced in a form which places it within reach of all lovers of letters. The type is a little too small, but it is clear; and the reprint, being in one volume, is handy for reference.

Illuminated Texts. Packet A. (The Religious Tract Society.)—We have here a dozen "texts" from the Bible, brightly and tastefully illuminated in gold and colours, and printed on separate leaves of stiff cardboard—all for a shilling. We do not say they are equal to the triumphs in this line of Mr. Owen Jones or Mr. Warren; but they are extremely pretty, and very well adapted for adorning the walls of schoolrooms, &c.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

We are glad to be able to announce the appointment of Mr. Thomas Watts to the post of Keeper of the Printed Book Department in the British Museum. It would have been difficult, or indeed impossible, to find any one else nearly as well qualified for that position as Mr. Watts has proved himself to be. An unwearied student, an enthusiastic lover of literature, a linguist conversant with some forty languages, he has already been of the greatest service to the establishment with which he has been so long connected. Thirty years ago, just before Mr. Watts entered into its service, the library of the British Museum possessed scarcely any works in the unfamiliar tongues of Europe. Now it can boast of the best collection of Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Servian, Illyrian, Romansch, Icelandic, and other books which can be found out of Russia, Poland, and their other native countries respectively. This happy consummation is due to Mr. Watts's wonderful acquaintance with the literatures even of the most unfamiliar peoples, and to the zeal and energy he has displayed in selecting their most fitting representatives for the great library over which he now presides. We may rest assured that under his guidance nothing will be omitted which could possibly conduce to the interests of an establishment which is without its parallel in the world, and of which the nation may, for once, be justly proud.

Gustave Doré has recently had a large cage of live rats fitted up in his studio for the purpose of watching the movements of these animals, which will occur more than any other in his new illustrations to the "Fables of La Fontaine"—the work he has at present in hand for Messrs. Hachette. There are nearly twenty animals in the cage, which has its compartments and sly holes, constructed on purpose that the rat may show his true character.

A niece of Oliver Goldsmith is said to be living at West Hoboken, New York. The old lady is spoken of as "blind, a cripple, and suffering from want of the necessities of life." Her father was the brother of Oliver, and his junior by ten years; he was married in the West Indies at the age of 42. Mrs. Hanson, the old lady above-mentioned, was the third child. She was married to Mr. John T. Hanson, in 1806. Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, and other gentlemen, are seeking to raise a fund for the old lady's future support.

Mr. Noel Humphreys, we hear, is engaged upon "A History of the Art of Printing, as applied to Books, and of the Successive Methods used for Recording Events previous to the Invention of Printing." The work, we believe, is to be in folio, and will be illustrated by numerous photographic facsimiles and illuminated plates. The old works of Amee and Dibdin have long been scarce and high-priced, and during the last generation no English work upon the subject—with the exception of Mr. Blades's admirable "Life of Caxton"—has appeared. Mr. Humphreys says of his work:—"The illustrations, unlike fac-similes produced by hand, will necessarily be absolute reproductions of their originals, are to exceed one hundred in number, and will frequently consist of representations of entire pages from many of the most interesting books produced by the early printers. Among them may be numbered an entire folio page from the first printed Bible, the magnificent work of Gutenberg, richly adorned with ornamental borderings by a contemporary German illuminator; and an entire page from the celebrated Psalter of Schoeffer, in which the large capitals are printed in colours, in rivalry with the illuminators of the time. Pages from the first books printed in Italy, France, Spain, Flanders, and Holland, will accompany the accounts of the introduction of the printing-press to those countries; and several such entire pages in facsimile will illustrate the description of the works of William Caxton, the founder of the printing-press in England. In addition to these and many illustrations of other kinds, will be found a very interesting and an abundant series of examples from the most richly decorated of the French 'Horae,' and from profusely-illustrated German books produced in the first half of the sixteenth century." It is intended to issue to "special subscribers" a few copies on large paper, with the plates in folio size.

It is satisfactory to know that, notwithstanding the late war, Austrians as well as Prussians have been putting forth every effort to ensure a satisfactory representation at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition. From recent accounts, we are given to understand that the spectacle will be very far ahead of all previous attempts of the kind. The land of Egypt is to be reproduced: its monuments, its temples, its people, and even its pyramids, are spoken of. One gallery will be devoted to human skulls, the collection including the craniums of wonderful men of old. It is said jocosely in one Paris paper that several of the Pharaohs, and even Sesostris himself, have been dug up for the occasion!

An heraldic work of interest, to those who have tastes in that direction, will shortly be published. The title will be—"The Arms of all the Colleges and Halls of Oxford and Cambridge Universities; with the Arms of England, of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and the Papal Arms, carefully emblazoned and surrounded by Illuminated Borders, designed and lithographed by Albert Warren." The work, we believe, is to be printed in the very best style of chromo-lithography, real gold leaf and aluminium being used.

Mr. John R. Thompson, well known in American literary circles as the editor of the *Literary Messenger*—a Transatlantic sheet long since defunct—is said to be the Heros von Borcke of *Blackwood's Magazine*, whose adventures while in the Confederate Service are soon to be published in book form.

Some time ago, we spoke of the revival of falconry and hawking in this country. We hear that a similar revival is taking place in France—in that part known as the Champagne country. A correspondent says the principal hawking establishment may be seen at the Châlet au Mourmelon, in the camp of Châlons. The lower part of the building is occupied by the birds; a long perching-stick, on which is stretched a strong cloth extends from one end of the *salle* to the other, in order to catch any bird who may have fallen off his perch; while on the walls are suspended the hoods, bells, jesses, and other accessories required in the sport. During the day, the hawks are put out on the lawn, of considerable extent, which surrounds the châlet. The collection is most curious, including sparrowhawks, gersfalcons, hobbies, pilgrims, vultures, and merlins, and would do credit to a zoological garden. Last week, three hawking parties took place, attended by Marshal Saint Jean d'Angely, Prince Murat, and Count de Montebello. Two or three books upon the subject have lately appeared, and others are announced. They mostly consist of reprints of old works, books which in their day exhausted the subject historically, scientifically, and practically.

In connection with the Atlantic Telegraph Company, Mr. Henry M. Field, brother of Cyrus Field, announces an "Official History of the Atlantic Telegraph, from the beginning in 1854 to the completion in 1866." The work will be issued simultaneously in New York and London. The author says that "the story of such an enterprise deserves to be told. The relation of the writer to the principal actor in this work has given him peculiar facilities for obtaining information on all points necessary to an authentic history; but he trusts it will not lead him to overstep the strictest limits of modesty. His object is not to exalt an individual, but to give a faithful record that shall bear in every line the stamp of truth; and to do justice to all, on both sides of the Atlantic, who have borne a part in a work which will do so much to link together two great nations, and to promote the peaceful intercourse of mankind."

At a sale of curiosities, articles of vertu, &c., recently held by Messrs. Sotheby & Co., there was a lot which the present French Emperor or Madame Tussaud—both of whom are eager collectors of Napoleon relics—would have liked. It was No. 24 in the catalogue, and was described as a "Harness formerly belonging to the Emperor Napoleon I., by whom it was presented to a German Captain in 1811."

Concerning American literary intelligence, we learn that John G. Whittier, the New England poet, has recently published a little idyll bearing the title of "Snow-bound," which has already found purchasers to the number of twenty thousand. Dr. Holmes is said to be busily engaged upon a new volume during a summer residence at his seats at Pittsfield and Greenfield. Of Mr. John G. Saxe's last volume of poems, "The Masquerade," upwards of five thousand have been sold. Bayard Taylor has just finished correcting proofs of his long poem, "The Picture of St. John," which is to be published early in the autumn.

"Plant Form for Ornamental Designers and Illuminators, drawn from Nature," by Frederick E. Hulme, is the title of a work which Messrs. DAY & SON have in preparation. The book will consist of 100 chromo-lithographic plates, size 12 by 8½ inches, with brief descriptive and suggestive text. It is to be published in ten parts, monthly.

A new volume of poems by "Owen Meredith" (Robert Bulwer-Lytton) is in preparation, and will shortly be published. The American publisher received in advance MS. copy to print from some time ago, and, in all probability, it will appear there prior to publication here.

Mr. Robert Ferguson, of Carlisle, author of various philological works, is about to publish a book upon America, which natives of that country residing here assure us will be one of the best that has ever been written upon the subject.

Mr. Purnell's new work, "The Ethics of Literature," will be published in a few days by Messrs. BELL & DALDY.

The pastime of Aunt Sally is being introduced into America as "that new and very amusing English out-door game."

Among new editions recently published, we find a new and revised edition of "Murray's Smaller Handbook of London;" Mr. J. H. Parker's "Concise Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian and Gothic Architecture;" an "Illustrated Family Burns, with an Original Memoir;" a fifth edition of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone's "Hindu and Mahometan Periods of Indian History, with Notes and Additions by E. B. Conwell;" a new edition of the late Mr. McCulloch's "Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Dictionary," which is edited by Mr. Frederick Marten, and will be completed in four volumes; and a new edition of Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History," with Maps and Plans.

A Medallion Club (according to a local paper) is being formed in South London. Its object is the circulation of sculptures in stone, and plaster casts, among its members, in the way in which photographic portraits are now frequently subscribed for.

Messrs. BRADBURY, EVANS, & CO., are preparing a publication on "Sanitary Reform," by Mr. Arthur Arnold, the resident Government Inspector of Public Works during the Cotton Famine.

THE SCOT AT HOME AND ABROAD.—One of the most conspicuous features of the Scot at home as distinct from the Scot abroad is the absurdly undue prominence which ecclesiastical matters occupy in his life. Abroad, the Scot takes these things as easily as his neighbours. He may have been a Presbyterian in his native country, if only from a kindly feeling of association with his progenitors. He knows that his grandfather was baptized in the parlour with an extemporary prayer, being held by his dad over the family punch-bowl. He knows that his great-grandfather was laid in the bleak Scottish churchyard with a silence as deep as that of the grave itself; with no rites except a prayer (also extemporary) in the dining-room,—and the consumption of six dozen of the best claret at the funeral feast, or "dredge." He knows, too, if he is a man of sense, that there was much more feeling and meaning in all this simplicity than a hasty thinker might fancy; and he pardons a somewhat rough style of praying and preaching for the sake of its influence on the humble part of the congregation. But, once out of his own country, he finds his Presbyterianism sit lightly upon him. In London, for instance, Freebyterianism has no influence commensurate with that of the masses of Scotsmen here.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Aunt Margaret's Trouble. Cr. 8vo., 8s.
 Benson (Rev. R. M.), The Divine Rule of Prayer. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Bourdillon (Rev. F.), Short Sermons for Family Readings. 2nd series. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Braddon (Miss), The Trail of the Serpent. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Bryan (Ruth), Letters of. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Burns (Dr. J.), 150 Original Sketches and Plans of Sermons. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Carpenter's (J. E.), Popular Readings in Prose and Verse. New edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Craig (Rev. A. T.), Aids to Spiritual Religion. Cr. 8vo., 3s.
 Dewes (Rev. A.), Plea for a New Translation of the Scriptures. 8vo., 3s.
 Ellen French, a Tale for Girls, by Aunt Evergreen. Feap., 2s.
 Everett (J. D.), Universal Proportion Table. Folio, 21s.
 Food for the Celestials, by Sir Crank Fitzcrank. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Francis (J. G.), Beach Rambles in Search of Pebbles and Crystal. Feap. 4to., 2s. 6d.
 Goodwin (Dean), Parish Sermons. 1st series. 4th edit. 12mo., 6s.
 , Elementary Course of Mathematics. 6th edit. 8vo., 15s.
 Guilty or Not Guilty, by Mrs. G. Smythies. Feap., 2s.
 Hellmuth (Rev. J.), The Divine Dispensation: Eight Lectures. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Henrici (O.), Skeleton, Structures, applied to Building Iron Bridges. 8vo., 16s.
 Hittell (J. S.), The Resources of California. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Hopkins (Rev. W. B.), The Words Spoken by Our Lord on the Cross. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Keller (Dr. F.), The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other Parts of Europe. Royal 8vo., 21s. 6d.
 Le Fanu (J. S.), The House by the Churchyard. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Mair (R. H.), The Educator's Guide. Feap., 1s.
 Marryat (Capt.), Poor Jack. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 9s.
 Maxwell (W. H.), History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798. 7th edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Michell (W.), The Churches of Asia, and other Sermons. Feap., 5s.
 Missions to the Women of China, by A. F. S. Edited by Miss Whately. Feap., 2s.
 Monseigneur (Rev. J. S. B.), The Beatitudes. 3rd edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Ogden (E. D.), Tariff of Goods Imported into the United States. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Overbeck (J. J.), Catholic Orthodoxy and Anglo-Catholicism. 8vo., 5s.
 Philpot (Rev. B.), Nine Lectures on the Second Advent. Feap., 4s. 6d.
 Power (Rev. P. B.), A Faggot of Stories for Little Folk. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 , The "Oiled-feather" Series of Tracts. 18mo., 1s.
 Reid (Capt. Mayne), The Guerilla Chief. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Riddell (Mrs. J. H.), The Race for Wealth. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Rock (The), and other Poems. Feap., 4s. 6d.
 Routledge's Popular Guide to London and Suburbs. 18mo., 1s.
 Sedadore (Rev. W. E.), Steps to the Altar. 39th edit. 32mo., 2s.
 Select Library of Fiction.—Lindisfarne Chase, by T. A. Trollope. Feap., 2s.
 Spencer (Capt.), Travels in France and Germany in 1863-6. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Trust, by the Author of "Beginnings of Evil." 18mo., 2s.
 Winter (A) in the East; Letters to the Children at Home. Feap., 2s.
 Wordsworth (W.), Poetical Works. New edit. 12mo., 5s.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FINE ARTS.

Music.—The London Theatres.

SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—

State of Trade.—The Money Market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

The Decline of the Roman Republic.—The History of Signboards.—Translations from Euripides.—The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis.—The Reign of Richard II.—Russia as it Was.—Country Life in Norway.—New Novels.—Buxtorf's Lexicon.—Short Notices.

Literary Gossip.

List of New Publications for the Week.

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22nd AUGUST, 1866.

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GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Wednesday, 22nd August—President's Address, at 8 p.m., in the Theatre.

Sectional Meetings as usual, from the 23rd to the 28th, inclusive.

Thursday, 23rd August—Soirée in Exhibition Building. Friday, 24th August—Lecture at 8.30 p.m., in the Theatre, by W. Huggins, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., On the Results of Spectrum Analysis applied to the Heavenly Bodies.

Monday, 27th August—Lecture by J. D. Hooker, Esq., M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., On Inasular Floras.

Tuesday, 28th August—Soirée in the Exhibition Building.

Saturday, 25th August—Excursions to the Midland Railway Works at Derby, Eastwood, Riddings, Ciner-hill, Annesley, and Newstead Abbey.

Thursday, 30th August—Excursions to the Derwent and Wye Valleys, the Butterley Company, Charnwood Forests, and Belvoir Castle.

Newstead Abbey will be open to visitors during the Meeting of the Association, except on Saturday, the 25th, and Sunday, the 26th of August, from 11 a.m. till 6 p.m. The Gardens will be open on the same days, from 11 a.m. till 8 p.m.

The Reception Room, Corn Exchange, Nottingham, will be opened on Monday, August 20th.

Notices of Papers proposed to be read should be sent to the Assistant General Secretary, G. GRIFFITHS, M.A., Nottingham.

Members and Associates intending to be present at the Meeting are requested to apply to the Local Secretaries, who will assist them in procuring lodgings, and will forward a railway pass, entitling the holder to obtain from the principal Railway Companies a return ticket at a single fare, available from Monday, August 20th, to Saturday, September 1st, inclusive.

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